

## Trade Notes.

OTHER consignment of English goods have just arrived.

following has just reached us from  
nant Butler, of St. John:  
of very much pleased with my coat.  
splendid; could not be better."

OTHER paragraph from our old  
Ensign McHarg's letter reads as

AVE received pants and jacket.  
Would like to say I am well  
with both. The pants fit well and  
th is beautiful."

following is a paragraph from Ma-  
not's letter, who has got a frock  
ade from the 224 English goods:

AVE just arrived home and re-  
your letter of the 3rd. Yes, my  
s come, and I like it very much.  
well and is a good garment."

you seen the new Staff Caps?  
just got a supply from England.  
e good, and the price is \$2.50.

oc Song Hooks are now to be had  
quarters, and any of the branch

new price list is out at last. If  
o not got one, write us a card  
will mail you a copy.

price list in future will be revised  
quently and thus kept better up-

ve just got a consignment of  
Bonnets from England. They  
straw, but are not the long-eared

pected to get them with the long  
t International Headquarters  
ur to have understood us correct.

ill got the prices from the new  
t.

IN JOHN WYNN says: "Pants  
Fit O K."

following letter from you?

C Horn 1894  
as Sir

freedom I have  
my love to you  
of my consignment  
to meet you  
in heaven?  
Moved to  
my dear the  
eye to balsam  
Office please  
fully trusting  
the Lord of  
salvation and  
ing to meet you  
at that place  
their for I have  
my consignment  
in as this letter

party will let us have their  
the address where the "Cry"  
been sent, we shall be pleas-  
the change asked for.

unrades and friends would be  
give names and addresses, it  
prevent delay.

"A TRADE HAND."

THAT'S SO.

ER PHILIP KYLE, of Aus-  
: Advertising is an art; the  
it successfully being inborn  
ile in others it must be ac-  
whether the one or the other,  
thing that, if we are to make  
ess upon the crowded dis-  
percent-day over-crowded me-  
cense people to remember  
"running a show," amid the  
o many wheels," both reli-  
ular, we can only do it by  
inary means.

nt the following to a F. O. :  
s duty, his whole duty, his  
his duty."

CRY, Official Gazette of the  
Army, published by John  
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reet, Toronto.

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By THE GENERAL.

THE

"AGNES MAYBURNE,"

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This Issue.

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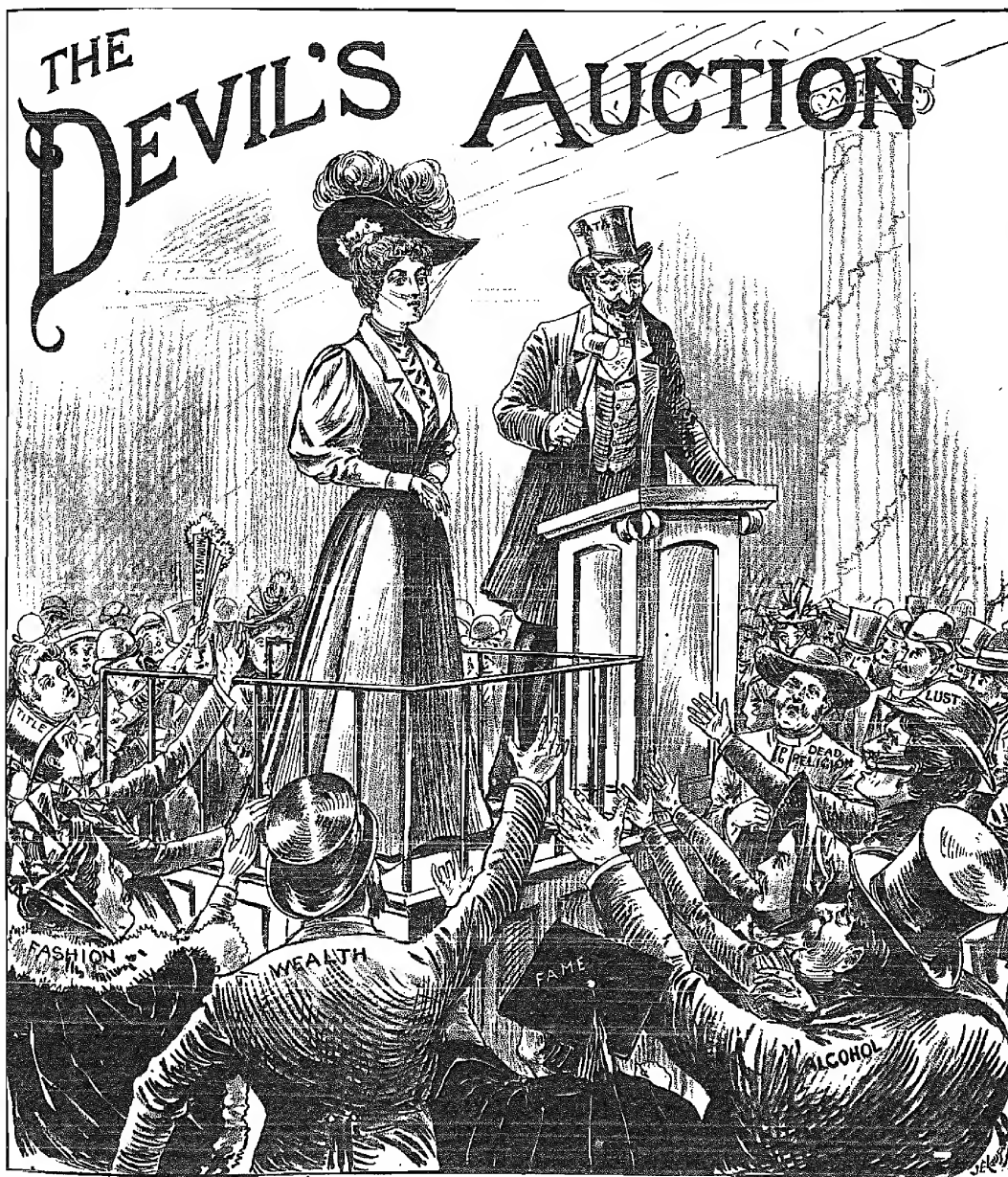
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[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

[EVANGELINE BORTH,  
Commissioner for North-Western America.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.



"Society was at length declared to be the successful bidder for this splendid chance."—See article by Staff-Capt. Southall.

# THE DEVIL'S AUCTION.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHAALL.

(See Frontispiece.)



**IGNIFICANT TITLE.** "I muttered, half audibly, as the words caught my vision."

It was the announcement in a "Friens" paper of a play running in one of the theatres of that city.

The impression made upon my mind was more than superficial. Involuntarily the words rush to my memory every now and again, as if urging me to make some use of the suggestions they arouse.

"The Devil's Auction" is by no means a mere play confined to the genius of the modern stage, and enacted by a few individuals, who by training of the professional and played facilities produce scenes that thrill the heart and excite the feelings of a few hundred onlookers. Would that it could be seen when the curtain fell on the last act. "That is all!" But, not so! There is

**Another Production, Painfully Realistic,** and constituting the most tragic drama in creation. It opens in the summer of golden promise, but closes in the autumn of gloom of eternal night. Its audience counts by the hundreds of millions. The stage is as wide as the world. The actors, for the main part, are unconscious of their position or responsibility. There are two classes of spectators—angels and devils—viewing this excellent scene of traffic and barter, who, unseen, watch with intensest anxiety the daily progress of this great auction. Strange contrasts of course! Two extreme opposites are represented—righteousness vs. unrighteousness—truth vs. falsehood—peace vs. misery—joy vs. sorrow—HEAVEN vs. HELL. But to the Sale. You must first understand, however, that this Auction is somewhat different to the meaning ordinarily conveyed by that word. It is a huge organization. Its agencies form a mighty combine, spreading itself as a subtle network over the whole earth, holding in its meshes the great bulk of the world's population. Such is the awful power it has developed, that through its many agencies it can in some way affect almost every living person and by

## Corollary, Threat or Premise.

It almost compels the individual to put himself up for a price (whether he is usually allowed to fix) whether in wealth, or some particular standing in the world's arena. The Institution has long since been incorporated and is known to a few as the "Imperial Diabolical Trusts and Mortgage Co." The President's name is "Diabolus." The names of some of the Directors will be given later. The name of the Institution and its President and directors is kept secret as much as possible. They meet frequently to discuss plans for further advances, having nothing less as their aim than the usurpation of all the world.

But here we are—at the Great Mart. See the magnificent pictures that adorn the pillars and walls of this strange place, while the richly frescoed ceiling presents an extraordinary scene of processions on the part of those who have succeeded in finding the "bonanza" of fame, or wealth, or other thing of like character. These strange play on the imagination of the un-ambitious young men and women to "try for themselves."

What is the excitement yonder? I soon discovered that a young man has become disaffected with the offers of some of those

## Koon-Ryod Johhans

who are ever on the look-out, and now presents himself on the stand. Bidding commences. A big, burly fellow, with heavy gold chain resting on his portly stomach, and with diamonds flashing out of his eyes, is intensely interested, as is evidenced by the nervous protruding eyes now focussed on the young man. He is running a close race with a slim, hawk-eyed fellow who makes out to be FAME. One after another give up the contest, and the big fellow, whose name I soon learned was ALCOHOL—being the last bidder, secured the prize. The price he offered was to me a strange one—pleasure, friends, buoyancy, a jolly life, and a good time generally. Some one near by suggested that it was a ruse, and seldom gave anything better than rage, misery, disappointment, premature death, and eternal despair.

An excited individual is endeavoring to make an announcement, but the din that reigns makes it impossible to hear. Matters soon explain themselves, however, and the bidders are more than ready to eyes fixed in one direction. Looking towards the elevated stand provided for the purpose, I see standing there

## A Young Lady.

of extremely prepossessing appearance.

A neat costume of the latest fashion adorns her perfect form. Grace and refinement are manifest every motion. It is announced that with exceptional natural abilities, reinforced by the best educational training, she ranks as one of the most cultured and accomplished young ladies in the State. Bidding goes on briskly. Society, Title, Fame, Wealth and others rush past each other with tempting offers. Somehow, the rich character of the young lady seemed to present a strange anomaly to the general influence of the place. Could she have seen on that fatal morning what was concealed behind the bronchite and glitter of gold, and beheld the real character of her surroundings, what a discovery would have been made, for I learned afterwards that the truth had leaked out through a few fearless men and women—entire Christians—that this was a place, a place that the great, Soul Mart, the Agency of Hell, SOCIETY was at length declared to be the successful bidder for this splendid chance. I noticed two sanctimonious and sage-looking individuals speaking in grave terms, and overheard some expressions of the disappointment and regret they felt that the beautiful gifts of this rare specimen had not been secured for the cause of God and humanity. Still, afraid that the investment might not yield the return decried covetousness demanded, the opportunity was lost while they

## Haggled and Debated

as became their selfish and phlegmatic make-up. I found these were representatives of "Dead Religion," and "Insipid Sentimentality," respectively. "Gone!" cried the Auctioneer, at which words the blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and the sales, had "gone," to find a place in some unworthy position amid the turmoil and din of worldly affairs.

Another striking feature of the crowd was to throng the galleries and porticoes of this human market is that so many rich people—especially ladies—are amongst the number of those who are

## Seeking High Premiums

for their sons and daughters—the latter in particular.

A faithful champion of Christianity occasionally braves the sneers, opposition and threats of the mart. Only this morning I heard that a young woman, dressed in peculiar garb—concealment bonnet and blue dress, broke through the conventionalities and customary red tape, and demanded the name of her King one of her fortune one standing there had been set this sale before, and had yielded to the offer of a life of ease and gaiety on the surrender of all she had held sacred. She had been deceived, and had just finished a term in prison. Still, the excitement of a chance of her expectations being realized, she had consented to offer herself again. Bidding was nearly over, the offer was about to be knocked down to the "Madame" of a respectable house," when the

## Heroic Young Woman in the Strange Attire,

with the offer of restored character, with satisfaction here and in the life beyond, secured the prize. This sight is becoming more common now, I learn, and the combine are much delighted over the losses they have already sustained.

**THE OWNERS CLAIM THEIR PROPERTY.**—Alcohol loses no time in initiating his latest acquisition into the pleasure promised in his flashing beverages. The young man seems quite satisfied, and for a while all goes well. Life seems a golden dream. Still as months pass by and linger into years, the pleasure gradually grows less its luscious flavor, and no longer gives the exhilarating sense of buoyancy it once gave. The clinking of the glasses no longer the musical rhythm of years ago. However, the contract's signed—it is of no use to demur. He concludes he can only go on and hope for the best at the finish.

Absorbed in the glitter of their surroundings and the dazzle of brilliant prospects, a few of the victims of this hell combine seem to have any real apprehension of the awful position into which they have thrust themselves. All notice the same valuation in things about them. The glitter gradually fades and becomes tarnished. The service demanded was at a delight, but

## Seen Changed to Drudgery,

and from drudgery to slavery. Still it seemed too far and too irksome to retreat

their path. Feativeness and dependency forward the effort, noble aspirations seem ennobled—good desires imprisoned—all that belittles to the true, the pure, and the holy seems to be fettered by the base, the selfish, and the false. Time, instead of lightening the burden but increases it. The thought that the contract will soon be finished brings some relief, until the deluded one suddenly reads on the gathering shadows of life's evening that it is binding in the world to come—"Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

It is the young lady—with the exception that the roses have fled, and aliveness has marked the fair form of years ago, that shrike frantically as she reads the awful truth flashing in letters of fire before her vision—What! ME be subjected to such a dreadful penalty?—"I did not intend it for eternity!"—"I only sold myself for a few years of time!"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" came a response. The sound the voice arrested the very circulation of one's blood. "Of course," it proceeds, "you are mine! Did you not accept my price? I expect my return." A piercing

## Shriek of Despair

follows: the echo starts high carnival and ten thousand devils greet this evidence of disappointment with a hellish cadence that reverberates in the ears of the sinner, that is ensnared by the glittering promise, which, all too late, she discovers was but a cruel delusion.

Are YOU interested? What is the price you have paid? The Spirit of the Lord has offered, pleaded, urged. So has the devil. You have accepted one of these offers. WHICH? Beware! the finale is at hand. The choice is yours. The devil will claim his. Imagine, if you can, the frightful closing scene of

## "THE DEVIL'S AUCTION."

# FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

By the Late MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

And being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father.

Be filled with the Spirit—Ephesians v. 18.

(Continued.)

They were not willing to go all the way—to pay all the price—to suffer all the consequences—but, if you want this blessing, I know no other way. I had to come to this before I got it. The last dollar of my soul had to be renounced, and it was hard work, as it always is, because we love idols. Idols would be some idols if they were not beloved. But we have to lay our real Isaac, our beloved and only Isaac, upon the altar. It is hard work, but it has to be done because He is a jealous God, and will have no rivals. Do you so appreciate this blessing that you are willing to give up your Isaac? If so, you may have it this afternoon. He will fill you with His Spirit.

Third, and lastly, they waited in obedient faith. How do we know? Because they did it. He bid them—this is the evidence. He said, "Go, tarry in the City of Jerusalem." Peter might have said, when he had seen his Lord off to Heaven, "Well, what am I going to do now?" I have been a long time running after the Lord in Palestine, I must betake myself to the fishing. I can wait as well on the beach as in Jerusalem. I wonder why the Lord told me to go to Jerusalem? I think it was rather unreasonable. He might have thought of my old father and mother at home. (I think I shall go back to my fishing-net.) No, no, they had been cured of their unbelief by the first few days' experience. They had learned better than to dictate to their Master, and they knew He had a good purpose in sending them to Jerusalem, and so they went there and did as He bade them—straight. Back to that upper room they went. Mary might have said, "I have been running about ministering to the Saviour a long time, I'm afraid my friends will think I am neglecting home duties and the claims of old friends. I really must go home and see to matters a bit." I may as well wait here for the Holy Ghost as at Jerusalem! No, Mary had learned better. She went back to Jerusalem. We have got their names. And they entered into the upper room, and shut the door, and waited—obedient faith! Some of your poets said—

"Obedient faith that waits on Thee,  
Thou never wilt deprive."

No, it is the disobedient faith that is so easily away. Oh, people are crying out about their faith. Is it their disobedient faith. If the Lord has told you to wait in any particular place, or way, or company, and you do not obey Him, you will never get it, and you will have to come to these conditions at last, even if it is on your dying bed. Obey the faith! While there is a spark of inobedience, or rebellion, or dictation, you will never get it. Truly submissive and obedient faith will only enter this kingdom. As you see He tells you to go, and

thing He tells you to sacrifice, or to from, you will have to do. This is the of His choice gifts that He has chosen for His choice servants, those who serve Him with all their hearts.—Obedient faith!

But you say, "How do you know it is faith?" Oh, because we know they do as He tells them. Now, faith is incapable from expectation. Where there is a real faith there is always expectation, as when I hear people praying, as I often do, from their throats, they say, "Ghost, and see how they wait the signs they get up from their knees, and how they live and whom they associate with, and how they spend their time. I say, "Yes, you may pray till your dying day, but you will never get it." If they expected anything they would wait for it. Common sense tells us that.

These people waited. How long? That a hue and cry there is now about the Salvation Army people spending whole nights in prayer. People—Christians, gray-headed Christians, up and down the country, say to me, "I don't know how you get this time over. It must be such an immensely long time. Do you really mean to say that you spend all night in prayer?"

Yes, with just an interval for patting the truth and showing the people how to apply it to their own consciences. Then they say, "It must seem an awfully long time." I suppose it does to them, to spend one whole night in prayer! But here, we waited ten days, till the Day of Pentecost was fully come. I have no doubt they spent as far in the night as they could keep their natural power awake. They waited. They did not get the Lord a time. They were wise. They waited. They waited. They waited. The couple of days of it. That will be a long time. We will just shut out all else and wait on the Lord for a couple of days, and if He does not come by that time it will be outrageous to wait beyond it. Whoever heard of a prayer-meeting two days and two nights' long? They did not wait the Lord a time! They waited till it came.

You say, "No; I have not got it." No; because you did not wait until it came. You got hungry, you got cold, you got lugged your idol. You did not wait TILL IT CAME.

Suppose they had given up on the fifth day and said, "That is all right, I will take. He knows we are here, all right, and the world is perishing for our message. We must be some mistake. We had better begin!" But no, they waited on, and on, and on, until it came. Can you imagine what sort of prayers were from the upper room? Do you think they were the lazy, look-out prayers that we hear every now and then for the Holy Spirit?

Oh! how would Peter apostatize and write: how would Thomas plead; how would Mary ween, be seared, and contrast, and how were they all of one heart and of one accord. They waited the one thing, and they were there to get it. They cared for nothing else but that. They cried for it as hungry children cry for food. They waited. It did not come. They were disappointed. They waited like that? Can anybody say so here? Did you ever hear of such a case? Never.

THE CAMBIE. On 1 but there are some people, now-days, who set God times in everything. They think a good deal more about their dinners than their souls. They think a great deal more about intercourse with their friends and doing the polite to them, than they do about the precious waiting for the Holy Spirit. They think a great deal more about their business. "Oh," they say, "it is business, and business must be attended to. But what about the Holy Ghost and the Kingdom? Must not the Kingdom of God be attended to? Must not your soul be saved, and must you not become a temple of the dwelling Spirit of God? Put a MUST in there, if you please. Far more important is the soul than the body. Friends, are these things so, or am I only imagining them? Are these great truths, or are they fables? These are the most common-sense, simple exhibitions and illustrations of these truths that could possibly be given. Was it not so? Did they not thus wait, and did not the Holy Ghost come?—and when He came He sat upon them, came. Bless His name.

People have a wonderful habit of losing sight of the little words of the Bible—the people who make a great to-do about the Word in other ways. I often say, "I never saw that ill you directed my attention to it." Suppose I were to say that this afternoon something happened to each person would you imagine me to be the men and not the women? Of course you would say I meant every one. And it killed them all—the women as well as the men, and they began to cry with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. He came.

And, my friends, He comes yet. My bodily senses have been quite cognizant of His coming sometimes. We only know that we feel something that we call "the Word" that we cannot describe it. In the North, when I was there, we had an all-night of prayer, in which one thousand people, admitted by ticket, waited all night on God. The meeting began at ten, and went on until six in the morn-

ing, and the little life faces on the there, who account for they could it. The Holy G in coming filling us. bodies, peo occasion, a and so. What right Spirit comi upon without, to body? We great emot Why? The has so affo cannot bear of God coo tions, and swells it is improbable some times power? We my body t and I have and hea or impos God intend only for there have have had more of God they would, there have wrapped in ing to they are in the s not willi consumed flesh do as David's after Him water-broo come and were so to without it, in obedient Oh! I h that you w for these to come a go back, a these thin the world, in peop people get glory, and that they souls as a filled with spiritual s to be multitude knowledge could no a break the a zeal the them. comes with are you willing, in this after never mind of the out after the children, take care you who a blessed H tion of it. you. Amen

## Jesus

By ST

HE I though I between H His last, solves int By cons devotion, isness a kind, and for other part of H much over speak and on the which we are sacrific, leaving H nomy and Father, a i say, H to come world of staveyacr crime, an tyranny o associate of requir largely h by what

The driv fear of a on a lowe is left th burn on manity,



## GOD'S BEST.

By Rev. A. B. Simpson.

God has His best things for the few  
That dare to stand the test;  
God has His second choice for those  
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill  
That risks the Promised Rest;  
The better often is the foe  
That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants  
In some way to be blest;  
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord, I seek—  
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,  
But when by trials pressed,  
They shrink, they yield, they  
shun the cross,  
And so they lose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,  
As much as can be pressed  
Of service true for God and man;  
Help me to be my best.

I want to stand, when Christ appears,  
In spotless raiment dressed;  
Numbered among His bidden ones,  
His holiest and best.

I want among the victor throng  
To have my name confessed,  
And hear my Master say at last,  
"Well done! You did your best."

Give me, O Lord, Thy highest choice—  
Let others take the rest;  
Their good things have no charm for me,  
For I have got Thy best.

## A Lost Opportunity.



By STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN.

It is the intensely practical side of Christ's life which has ever made Him the adored model for men in the just ages, and which will win to Himself the nations yet unborn. There was no hollow sentimentality in His character, no plausible policy. When launching the scheme of the world's redemption, He knew His teachings would provoke the malice and hatred of the Jewish hierarchy, which would culminate in His death. But He was fearless and true. Undriven by persecution, by apparent non-success, still on He went, confident of the ultimate triumph of His life and teachings. He truly poured out His soul (Hebrews 10:10).

MAY WE TRULY IMITATE HIM!!

## WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

Q.—AM I AFRAID OF RIDICULE?  
A.—"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My Words, of Him shall the Son of Man be ashamed."—Luke 12, 26.  
Q.—AM I LOOKING AT INCONSISTENT PROFESSORS?  
A.—"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv, 12.  
Q.—AM I AFRAID I SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTED?  
A.—"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi, 37.  
Q.—AM I UNWILLING TO FORGIVE?  
A.—"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."—Ps. lxxv, 18.  
Q.—AM I AFRAID I WILL NOT HOLD OUT?  
A.—"My grace is sufficient for thee."—1 Cor. xii, 9.  
Q.—AM I WAITING FOR A CONVENIENT REASON?  
A.—"Now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. vi, 2.  
—Selected.

How oft since then, has the patient God-man come to those whom He has chosen, those whom He has expected much of and found them sleeping, when He has bid them WATCH. How often has the creature failed him. How oft, when weighed in the balances, been found wanting! How often have His needs been unmet, and the beautiful golden opportunities which He has given to minister to His dear ones, and through them to Him, been let slip by, out beyond their reach for ever. I am more than ever convinced that a holy, successful life can only be had as we live in obedience each moment, watching our opportunities and seizing them before they are gone. May He keep us, as a people, awake to His wishes and His Kingdom's best interests ever, pray.  
Yours watching, A. D. C.

## Straight Talk to Sinners.

ENSIGN SHEA.

THE Death Angel is on your track.  
YOU are going to hell as fast as time can carry you.  
ARE you prepared to die without ten minutes' warning?  
JUST keep on living as you are and in due time you will land in hell.  
YOU don't have to do anything worse than you have already done to get into hell.  
DON'T forget that you are going straight to hell—unless you repent, and come to Jesus.  
IF you live to please yourself, you will have to be pleased with yourself when you come to die.  
IT will be most profitable for you to take time to look up in the Bible what God says about the future of the sinner.  
WHEN Salvationists die—if they are at all conscious—they die with a smiling face, praising God for His great Salvation.  
YOU can never experience or imagine in this life the sorrow and woe that will be yours in eternity if you live and die without God.  
YOU often think that other people are going to hell; how wise it would be if you would stop for five minutes and think and realize that you are bound thither!  
AN INFIDEL died in Toronto whose throat was paralyzed, and he could not talk, but just before he passed away, great tears ran down his cheeks. I wonder why he cried?  
I MAKE it a point to live without condemnation, so I can look back on no defeats or losses; and I also make it a point to live so that daily I can see where improvements can be made.  
DO you live daily with the realization of a guilty, condemning conscience, fully aware that your life is sinful and not pleasing to God? Have you not found your condemnation at the bar of God's justice?  
I SAW a Salvation Army Officer die, and she sang and clapped her hands as long as she had strength, and the last word she said was "Hallelujah!" Yours will be a fearful death unless you have found Jesus.  
SIN AND THE SAVIOUR.

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.  
We cannot begin to lead a holy life till we first look to Christ for pardon for sin.  
Nothing but the death of Christ for us will be the death of sin in us.  
In the name of Jesus (Saviour) the whole Gospel lies hid; this name is the Light, food, and medicine of the soul.  
The comfort of a Christian lies not in his own fulness, but in Christ's.  
The depths of misery are never beyond the depths of mercy.  
A man can be in no condition whereby God is at a loss, and cannot help him. If comforts are wanting, He can create comfort, not only out of nothing, but out of discomforts.—Selected.  
DO you really feel for sinners and weep over their sins?  
WHEN you punish your child for outbreaks of ill-temper, be sure and see if God has been permitted to remove your own.

ing, and there were strong men, men in middle life and old men, lying on their faces on the floor. There were doctors there, who examined them and tried to account for it from physical causes, but they could not. It was the power of God. The Holy Ghost does come, and because, in coming thus into our souls, and thus saving us, He sometimes penetrates our bodies, people rebel, as they did on this occasion, and reject the manifestation, and say, "Excellence! miracle!" What right have you to say that the Holy Spirit coming into a human soul can operate upon that soul to the full extent without, to some degree, penetrating the body? We know how people fall under great emotions of anger, grief and joy. Why? Because the influence of the mind has so affected the body that the body cannot bear it, and when the Holy Spirit of God comes into a human soul and opens its eyes, and quickens its perceptions, and enlarges its capacity, and swells it with glory, is it an unlikely or improbable thing that the body should sometimes be prostrated under His power? What did Paul say? "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and I have been into the third heaven and heard things that it was unlawful for (impossible) for me to utter." Did God intend such experiences and visions only for Paul and the apostles? Ah! there have been those who since his day who have had such experiences, and many more of God's people might have them, if they would, but they are not willing to be wrapped in His Spirit; they are not willing to be pressed to His bosom; they are not willing to know Him in the Scriptural sense; they are not willing to be consumed by His Spirit. Their heart and flesh do not cry out after the living God, as David's did. They are not panting after Him as the hart pants after the water-brooks. They are not longing to come and appear before God. If they were so longing that they could not live without it, then God would come to be revealed to them. Will you, then, wait in obedient faith?

Oh! I have the most awful realization that you will be eternally better or worse for these services, and so I want you to come up higher, I don't want you to go back, and get cold and indifferent to these things, because here is the hope of the world, if there is any hope for it, in people getting filled with the Spirit, and getting so close to God and His glory, and the interests of His Kingdom, that they should be just as anxious for souls as other people are for sovereigns. Filled with the Spirit, having eyes to see spiritual sights which others do not see, ears to hear the crying of the famishing multitudes who are dying for lack of knowledge; hearts to feel so that they could go and weep over them. Hands to break the bread of life, and, if need be, shed their blood for them to die for them. This is what we want, and it only comes with the fulness of the Spirit. Are you willing, my brother? are you willing, my sister? If you are willing, then, never mind the dinner; never mind the tea. You have taken care of the outer man long enough, now look after the inner man. Now, I mind the children, mother, just now, the Lord will take care of them. Never mind anything, you who are athletes, but, feeling this blessed Holy Spirit of God filling the bottom of it on your souls. The Lord help you. Amen!

## Jesus Christ Consecration.

By STAFF-CAPTAIN WATSON.

THE consecration of Jesus was a consecration to death. He gave Himself—His life, to death. Although there were many different stages between His first act of consecration and His last, yet they naturally divided themselves into two great and main features. By consecration is meant separation and devotion,—separation from a life of selfishness and sinful pleasures of every kind, and devotion to a life of usefulness for others' sakes. It is the separation part of His consecration which I fear is much overlooked by most of us. We speak and sing of much of His sacrifice on the cross, and of His sacrifice, which was indeed inconceivably great, but we are not to underestimate the great sacrifice of separation involved in His leaving Heaven with its glory, peace, harmony and love, the companionship of His Father, and the adoration of the angels. I say, to have such harmony and peace to come into such a sacrifice, seeking world of ours, a hospital of disease, a graveyard of death, a sea of vice and crime, and suffering, and to endure the tyranny of evil spirits, and live in it and associate with it—this was His sacrifice of separation. We judge a consecration largely by what we are willing to sell as by what we devote ourselves to.

The drenched Hell of a Hindustani is the first of a rebirth at death to an existence on a lower plane of life. Jesus voluntarily left the highest plane of Divinity to be born on the lowest plane of fallen humanity, emptied Himself, laid His glory

thing He tells you to sacrifice, or say from, you will have to do. This is the His choice gifts that He has reserved for His chosen servants, those who serve Him with all their hearts.—Obedient faith!

But you say, "How do you know it was faith?" Oh, because you know they did it. He made them. Now, faith is inseparable from expectation. Where there is real faith, there is always expectation, and when I hear people praying, as I often do, from their throats, for the Holy Ghost, and see how they tell the story, they get up from their knees, and know how they live and what they associate with, and how they spend their time, I say, "Yes, you may pray till your eyes are out, but you will never get it." If they expected anything they would wait for it; common sense tells us that.

Those people waited. How long? What a hue and cry there is now about the Salvation Army people spending whole nights in prayer. People—Christians, pray—end Christians, up and down the country, say to me, "I don't know how you get the time over. It must be some immensely long time. Do you really mean that you spend all night in prayer?" Yes, with just an interval for putting the truth and showing the people how to apply it to their own consciences. Then they say, "It must seem an awfully long time." I suppose it does, to them, to spend the whole night in prayer; but here, we are told, they waited ten days, till the Day of Pentecost was fully come. I have no doubt they went as far into the night as they could keep their natural powers awake. They waited. They did not set the alarm clock. They were wise. They did not say, "Now we will go and have a couple of days of it. That will be a long time. We will just shut out all else and have the Lord for a couple of days, and if He does not come by that time, it will be outrageous to wait beyond it. Whoever heard of a prayer-meeting two days and two nights longer?" They did not set the Lord a time. They went and waited till it came.

You say, "No! I have not got it. No, because you did not wait until it came. You got hungry, or you felt sleepy, or you hugged your idol. You did not wait till it came."

Suppose they had given up on the third day and said, "There must be some mistake. He knows we are here, all right, and the world is perishing for our message. There must be some mistake. We had better begin." But no, they waited on, and on, and on, until it came. Can you imagine what sort of prayers went up from the upper room? They were things they were the lazy, lachrymose things that we hear every now and then for the Holy Spirit?

Oh! how would Peter agonize and wrangle; how would Thomas plead; how would Mary weep, beseech, and entreat; and how were they all of one heart and one voice. They were waiting for something, and they were there to get it. They cared for nothing else but that. They cried for it as hungry children cry for bread. They wanted it. They wanted the Lord ever disappointed anybody who waited like that? Can anybody say so here? Did you ever hear of such a case? Never. HE CAME.

Oh! but there are some people, nowadays, who set God times in everything. They set a good deal more about their dinners than about Him. They think a great deal more about intercourse with their friends and doing the polite to them, than they do about the precious waiting Holy Spirit of God. They think a great deal more about their business. "Oh!" they say, "It is business, and business must be attended to." But what about the Holy Ghost and the Kingdom? Must not the Kingdom of God be attended to? Must not your soul be saved, and must you not become a temple of the indwelling Spirit of God? Put a MUST in there, if you please. Far more important is the soul than the body. Friends, are these things so insignificant as the ministrations of these things that could possibly be given. Was it not so? Did they think that, and did not the Holy Ghost welcome?—and when He came He sat upon them each. Bless His name.

People have a wonderful habit of losing sight of the little words of the Bible—the words which make up the great truths. I heard in other ways, often say, "I never come to it. I don't direct my attention to it." Suppose I were to say that this was the greatest thing that happened to each person, would you imagine I meant the man and not the women? Of course you would say I meant every one. And it fills me with awe and wonder to think of each one, and they began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Ko came.

And, my friends, He comes yet. My earthly senses have been quite content of this coming sometimes. We only know that we feel something that is unusual, and we know that we cannot describe it. In the North, when I was there, we had an all-night of prayer, at which one of the most prominent men, a man of many prayers, admitted by the multitude that he had been on God. The meeting began at ten, and went on until six in the morning.

## SHORT, SHARP SERMONS

From and For Salvationists.

### Stick to Uniform.

CAPTAIN LIZZIE PENNY, of St. John.

**THE OTHER DAY**, one of our Soldiers, going up the street looking for work, was accosted by a lady, who stopped him, saying, "I see you are a Salvationist; (observing the S. S.'s on his coat) will you promise me to pray for my son that is far from God in sin?" Of course the Salvationist gladly assented to do so. Now, if this Soldier had not had any uniform on, he would not have been recognized as a Salvationist, and the poor mother would not have had the joy of knowing that some one was praying for her boy. I wish to say here that I have been wearing uniform for ten years, and I love it and mean to wear it as long as life lasts. Let us stick to our uniform.

### Six Points.

SECRETARY CASBIN, Halifax, N. S.

**IF WE LOVE JESUS** and souls, as we say we do, we will show it by our works; if not, we are inconsistent, we are not real.

If we trusted God more about our affairs temporal and spiritual, and stop worrying, and doubting, how much better off we would be. We honor God when we trust Him most, and He honors us in return.

I think the great lack of the Christian world to-day is the want of constant prayer. Most people backslide because of want of prayer. Lord, help us to watch and pray.

If we want to be more like Jesus, as we say we do, we will have to walk in all the light that God gives us, obey the leadings of His Holy Spirit, watch and pray, deny ourselves daily, take up our cross, follow Jesus, and labour for the Salvation of the world.

A man said to me the other day, "What a wonderful organization yours seems to be! Why," he said, "I thought that it had gone to pieces scores of times, when, lo, and behold it bobbed up sermously, as good as ever it was." I told him the secret of its success was that God was with it, and in it. What is the use of praying for the Salvation of souls if we don't put forth any practical effort to save them? I am convinced the best way to bring this about is the method of the Salvation Army put into practice by men and women who are saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

## CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

### What Became of the Man Who was Put Out.

Staff-Captain Watson received the following recently: "I often-times think of you in my meetings when you roughs are cutting up and trying my patience, how you would be to be tried with me and you had to put me out and keep me out for thirty days. Well, that is a thing of the past. I have often wished I knew life was as sweet as you and other Officers and Soldiers would tell me when dealing with me. I have been saved eight years the 16th of this month, and been in the Field in the United States about five years. God has blessed me much in many ways in seeing souls converted. I have been enabled to enjoy the Divine love of Jesus ever since the first hour I was converted. I remain, Yours affectionately, One of the Barre Audience, Redeemed."

WM. COOPER, Captain.  
Pergus Falls, Minnesota, U. S. A.

### Saloon Warfare.

Here's a beautiful letter from Cornwall, Ontario, to the Editor: "Dear Major, I am sending you a few lines to tell you how good the War Cry sells in the saloons. I think there are somewhere about 15 in this town, and out of that number there are twelve bartenders that are regular customers at taking the Cry, also I find two good customers in the billiard parlors every week, besides what I sell to the men that come in and out of those places. In one saloon alone I have sold 12 and on a Saturday afternoon, so I feel sure God is going to do a work in this town, if it is only by selling the War Cry amongst those that never attend a place of worship. I was in the jail visiting the prisoners the other day with some War Cry, and really, it was quite a sight to see how eager the poor creatures were to get them. I could not help but think God there and then for ever letting us have such a paper, as the War Cry to sell—Yours willing to push the Cry, JENNIE BLOSS."

# THE WAR CRY. COURTSHIP.

BY THE GENERAL.

**MY DEAR COMRADES**—The topic of the head of this paper will be admitted on all hands to be an important one, of more than usual interest to most people, and intimately associated with the happiness and well-being of the community in general, and all will agree, I think, that it should, therefore, be considered under the head of "Every-day Religion."

### The Importance of Right Views.

A large proportion of the Soldiers and Adherents of the Salvation Army are young and unmarried, a great number of them being as yet without any marriage engagements. It must, therefore, be important that right views of Marriage, and of the steps which lead up to it, should be entertained by them, and that at as early a period as possible; while any one can see how important it is that those Soldiers who are already married should be able rightly to instruct their children upon the subject.

My ability to give counsel on the topic will be admitted, by my own people at least, and it is about them and for their welfare that I am most particularly concerned. My qualifications for advising them may be based—

(1) On personal experience, which is, after all, the safest teacher. I wasted my early days in the useless trifling bearing this name. In my sixteenth year, however, the Spirit of Divine Wisdom came into my heart, and He certainly served me well if He did nothing more than keep me from the further evils to which this foolish course of conduct might so easily have led me.

(2) I have also had considerable experience of what might be termed wise Courtship. I had an engagement extending over three years with my dear wife before we were married. Her conduct during that time was beautiful in the extreme. She dealt with me as I must confess, as one who was inspired, and I can see now how much more profit and happiness I might have extracted from the intercourse of those days had I played my part in a wiser and more self-sacrificing fashion.

### Backsliding Through Courtship.

(3) Then, I have had considerable opportunities for observation, and have been consulted by many individuals, both old and young, on this subject, and this is not only in virtue of my age, but of the position I have occupied. During this time I have watched many young people make pitiable mistakes for those connected with them, most of their own lives and sacrifice possibilities of great usefulness by foolish or ungodly engagements. If the backsliders of the land, who have reached the shipwreck of Faith by irregular, early, and Christless courtships were counted they would swell to a very large number. On the other hand, I have known many men and women who have been strengthened in holiness and usefulness by wise and helpful associations of this description. In these respects, there-

fore, I think I am able to advise my young comrades on this subject.

Still, I am not sanguine of being very successful with my counsels even when I have given them. On no topic does the Adviser engage in a much more thankless task. In the first place, people have often already decided the question when they ask for counsel, and often when an actual decision has not been as yet arrived at, the affections have been so far committed in that direction as to amount to the same thing. Perhaps on no other topic do people so confuse their feelings with their judgments as on this, and we all know that it is never a very difficult task for a man or a woman to believe his course of action to be right which they very much desire, and on no other subject will evildoers come before the ministers of the affections and feelings, ordinarily speaking, so much involved.

Still, I will say my say, and it may be found to have some weight either to-day when it is read, or at some future period. And—

### Marriage Right and Natural.

1. I remark that it is perfectly right for young people to look forward to marriage as a natural condition of life for them. They can see and feel that they were created and fashioned in view of it, and, therefore, may conclude that it is desirable and honorable. And so it is, if it can be entered upon lawfully and in harmony with the consecration which every Salvationist, and, indeed, every true Christian has made. No man or woman need make any excuse for desiring marriage, if so he that such a wish is truly subordinated to the higher and more important duties that they owe to God and to those around them, and if such a desire is only entertained in submission to the dictates of Providence and the choice of the Divine Will.

### An Important Point.

2. At the same time it should be definitely understood, distinctly recognized, and heartily accepted that an equally happy, busy and useful life is possible for a person who chooses to remain unmarried.

It is important indeed essential to the happiness of a man or woman to accept this. Only let the contrary notion enter the head of a young person, and farewell to any real contentment. If marriage should not be found convenient, if the desired partner does not come along they will fret and chafe, or do some foolish thing or other which will not only destroy their happiness for the time being, but probably wreck their fortunes for eternity.

The recognition of the truth that the highest and noblest mode of life can be reached in an unmarried state will often be found essential to a wise selection of either husband or wife.

I should like to know what proportion of miserable marriages have taken place since the world began through the notion commonly entertained, especially on the part of women, which mainly expresses

itself thus: "I cannot be happy unless I am married. Here is an opportunity of making an engagement. If I refuse this chance, I may never have another, and shall thereby consign myself to a life of misery." As the result of such a notion, women often rush into unions which they spend the rest of their lives in regretting, frequently seeing chances afterwards, which, if they had only had faith and patience, would have given them all the advantages they desired, as well as lifelong happiness.

### Persons Who Ought Not to Marry.

3. Under some circumstances, an unmarried state is not only permissible, but perfectly compatible with happiness and usefulness, but a stern duty. Some people ought not to marry. For instance—

(1). A single life may be dictated by considerations of health. It cannot be right for a man or a woman with actual indications in themselves of Consumption, or Epilepsy, or some other grave curable disease, to link their fortunes with those of a healthy person; or, which is of more serious importance still, to enter into relations in which they will be all but certain to bring children into the world to suffer from the same terrible malady.

(2). There may be some persons of a family form of mental derangement in an individual sufficiently serious to render marriage not only unreasonable, but actually wrong. I cannot see how a man or woman who has already manifested symptoms of Lunacy can be justified in entering into that state which all probably result in the introduction of children into the world who will be all but certain to inherit similar tendencies.

(3). Marriage may be forbidden in the temporal interests of others. A father or a mother may have certain claims upon the services of a son or a daughter, or a number of orphaned brothers and sisters, or the possibilities of rendering valuable service to mankind, and generally each of which will amount to a positive prohibition of marriage. If it be right, say, a duty, for a man under certain circumstances to lay down his life to save his fellows from shipwreck, or fire, or disease, or some other terrible calamity, which no one will deny. It must not only be desirable, but equally the stern duty of men and women to live lives of calvary when the plainly see that by doing so they can render some substantial benefit to their fellow-creatures.

(4). A single life must be a duty when the ability to support the Material State is wanting. This responsibility rests chiefly upon the man. He is the head of the house, and on him rests the obligation of providing for the temporal needs of his wife and the children. The conditions of the Married State are such that the woman is frequently, nay, usually, deprived of the ability to labor for the daily bread of the household. That responsibility, therefore, comes upon the man, and if he cannot see his way, and that very plainly, to a single life, and a family he must remain single until he has the ability to do so. But the woman has a joint responsibility in this question. She too, must not look ahead, unless her would-be lover can show that he possesses the means for her support or the probability of securing it, then, she is very foolish to herself to be persuaded into an engagement, much more to enter upon the married state.

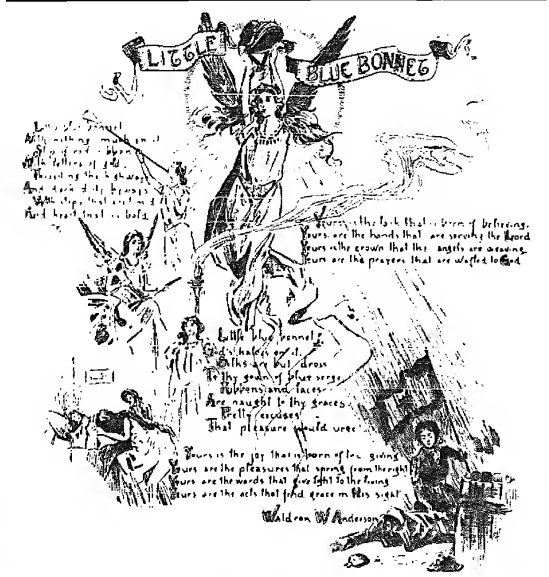
Things may, however, further to-day, and this letter is already too long. More to follow.

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BROTHER.

## From Butcher Shop to S. A. Barracks.

Four or five weeks ago, we were notified that we would have to leave our old and quiet quarters on April 1st, as it had been rented to some one else. Having tried in vain to arrange it so that we could stay, there was no other alternative but to hunt around for another suitable place. A building formerly used as a butcher-shop was secured at a reasonable rent, but this, of course, meant a lot of work to fix it up as a meeting place. However, no time was to be lost, and as we hadn't the means to hire help, we buckled to ourselves, set to work with hammer and chisel at tearing down partitions and making rooms for quarters, etc. After about four weeks' work, carpentering, paper-hanging, painting, frosting, etc., we succeeded in making a thorough conversion of the old butcher-shop into a spanking, cheerful Salvation Army Barracks. Hallelujah! We had arranged for an officer to open the new quarters for the District Office for the opening, but we were doomed to disappointment. Owing to the washouts on the railroad, the officer didn't get here, and a telegram from the District Officer said that, owing to sickness she was unable to fill her appointment. Having to make the best of things under the circumstances, we got up a coffee and cake social instead. We had a fairly good meeting, and good prospects for a successful season in our hall. Eusden McClelland, lantern service in the old Barracks was a grand success. Lieutenant Greenfield has come to help us push on the war.—Joe E.











## Good Friday in Toronto.

Major Compton Conducts a United "Two Hours at the Cross."

Toronto had just a glorious Good Friday. In the afternoon it spangled with a riot of troops from all over the City took place, headed by the Officers of the respective Corps. At night meetings were held in each Barracks. The afternoon "Two Hours at the Cross" was led by Major Compton, assisted by Staff-Captain Minnie, Adjutant Stanton, Byers, and signs Yerex, Cameron, Kenning and many others. It was a glorious meeting, and ran like well-oiled machinery, the two hours being filled up with glorious salvation manœuvres. Dr. Holman, a well-known attendant at the Temple, visited a young lady to Christ as a full Saviour, and at about five o'clock an elderly man was led to the penitential-form by a Soldier. A general consecration concluded the meeting.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

## All-Round Advances.

The war is booming in the East. In every District increases have been made during March. Comparing March with February, the following increases have been made:

Number of prisoners, 102.  
Net increase of recruits, 19.  
Net increase of Soldiers, 25.  
Net increase of Junior Soldiers, 71.  
Number Junior Soldier Companies, 113 for whole month; average per week, 23.  
Attendance at Company meetings, 520; increase for whole month, average of 120 per week.  
Band of Love attendance, 52 for whole month, an average of 130 per week.  
Band of Love members present, 129.  
J. S. PUGMIRE, Provincial Officer.

## MAJOR COLLIER AT RAT PORTAGE.

Saved in the Afternoon and on the March at Night.

Major Collier has just spent a week-end at Rat Portage. He was here going in on Saturday night owing to the fact that, but found the Barracks crowded and a flood and fire meeting going on inside. This was being led by the Adjutant, and as the Captain had gone to meet the train. After a few more testimonies, the Major read the lesson and the meeting was brought to a close. There was a good turn-out for knee-drill and also for the Holiness meeting. At this latter one young man sought the blessing of a clean heart.

A tremendous crowd of people stood around the open-air at both the afternoon and night meeting, and a good crowd came inside. Especially was this so at night, as the place was packed to the door. In the afternoon meeting one young man volunteered for Salvation and was on the march and at the indoor meeting at night; another came to the penitential-form in the night meeting.

The Major also led a Soldiers' meeting and spoke briefly on the importance of both old Soldiers and young recruits standing to their post and doing all they could for the Salvation of others.

There is a great work going on both here and at the Outpost, and numbers are waiting to be enrolled as Salvationists at the "Siege Enrolment." God has very signally blessed the efforts of the present Officers in every way, and they are going on to victory.

T. H. C.

## Winnipeggers Wed.

The Salvation Army halls are now looking fresh and clean, the result of an onslaught by painters, followed by a complement of scrubbing brushes, coupled with an unlimited supply of the liquid which intoxicates not, presuming applied by the bevy of fair maidens now staying in our midst—on Monday the annual spectacle of a Hallelujah wedding was witnessed by over 600 people. Major Collier tied the knot for Jesse Dickson which bound him to Amy Butterington and the hall was paraded with a newness and with a single and crash a pane of glass fell, shattering to the earth, the result of how would you like to kiss the maiden in view of 600 people—Tuesday a very successful concert, financially and otherwise rejoiced the hearts of the Officers in charge. The arrangements were presided over by Captain Holm, late of the Typographical Union here—"People's Voice," Winnipeg.

LOVE in the life softens the features and gives them a warmth like the gentle beauty of spring flowers.

## The Salvation Army in Germany.

The General's Marvellous Campaigns—Hundreds of Souls Seeking the Saviour.

(Cable to the British War Cry.)

OUR King has triumphed gloriously. The Campaign has been one of unbroken victory! Magnificent times at Koenigsberg. 150 souls in three meetings. Total for week, 323. The opportunities unparalleled. Glory to God in the highest! The General's health is good. Glory to LAWLEY.

NOTE—Two years ago there were in Germany 500 Soldiers and Recruits. Today there are 1,532.  
Then, 52 Officers and Chieftains; to-day, 152.  
Then, 18 Corps; to-day, 61.  
Then the circulation of the War Cry was 5,000 per week; to-day the circulation is 35,000 per week.  
Commissioner McKie hopes to have twenty more Corps at work by July.

## JAMAICAN ADVANCES.

MAJOR ROLFE, the Jamaican Commandant-in-Chief, in celebrating the third anniversary of his advent to Jamaica recently reported an increase during that time of 62 Officers, 55 Corps, and 890 Soldiers. There is also said to be a steady improvement in the Army work all round.

## SOUTH AFRICAN SOCIAL FARM.

## Interesting Statistics.

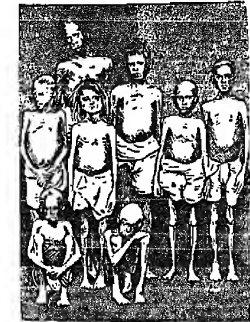
At the end of January, 28 men were in the Home; during the month of February, 25 fresh cases entered, and 24 left, leaving 29 still in the Home.  
Gone to work, 12; sent to friends, 1; left to seek work, 5; dismissed, 1; casually treated, 5.  
During the month 5,000 meals have been served, and over 1,000 beds have been occupied.

One of the last cases that passed into the Home is a man with two wooden legs. He walked from Natal, a distance of about 1,000 miles. It took him nearly five months. His wooden legs were worn down to the stumps at his knees by the time he reached the Farm.

## RECENT FAMINE NEWS FROM INDIA.

3,500 Systematically Assisted—Five Tons of Grain Distributed Weekly.

COLONEL BULLARD, in a recent despatch from the seat of famine-ravaged India says: "We have now five different relief works. 114 men, women and children are employed levelling land at hourly; fifteen building houses at Duxam, and 25 on Officers' quarters at Silo. This, in addition to 150 who are employed on the tank work at the Farm Colony, and at Mokkur and Jodpur. Quite a number of other works are projected. We have opened thirteen grain depots, over 3,500 persons are being systematically assisted. Five tons of grain are being distributed weekly. We have over 200 famine children in our care, some



are too weak to stand, their legs and arms are just like thin bamboos; they have the usual swollen stomachs—a characteristic of famine children. The poor little things are simply ravenous, and we have to feed them very carefully. In the train coming to Poona, a passenger gave one of them a "chappati" (bread) and others at once pounced upon the lad, who

# The Field Commissioner's WORDS OF WELCOME To Her Soldiers Old and New.

(To be read publicly by the Commanding Officer in every Enrolment Meeting held on April 29th.)

MY DEAR COMRADES—

There has never been an occasion when I desired more strongly that all intervening distances could be bridged, and that I could meet all my soldiers in one great band and under one roof. But this is impossible, and after all when hearts are firmly knit in one purpose, what matter the miles that divide or the different scenes and circumstances under which our one Enrolment will take place. In spirit I travel the space between us, and through the columns of our War Cry I send you each individually a message from my heart.

First, let me say to my long-tried and proved soldiery that reports have reached me of how you have toiled and sacrificed—often the contest asking that you should take your stand as the brave against a tide of opposing circumstances—and of how you have triumphed by virtue of unwavering faith in God and the fulfilment of a soldier's whole duty to his Flag, ever keeping your eye fixed upon the goal—the salvation of more sinners and the enlistment of more soldiers.

Now this night together we rejoice over vanquished foes and unquestionable victory. Our efforts are rewarded by an increased and stimulated soldiery, by more sinners redeemed, by a greater number of tongues to praise Him—of hearts to serve Him—of lives in which to do His will on earth as the angels do in Heaven. And while giving Him all the glory for every sinner brought to the Blood and every warrior enlisted for the battle, I want to say to each loyal-hearted soldier of the Cross and Colors that for the brave and steadfast stand which you have taken during the period of the Siege you have become increasingly dear to myself, who has given the whole passion of my heart, and every moment of my life, to the world-wide battle of the Flag against sin and sorrow.

But upon this occasion I want more especially to speak to those who have this day entered a position which will declare them the children of the Lord, and call them to contend in war against sin and the powers of evil in every shape and form—the all-important position of a soldier of Jesus Christ.

As I think of you standing 'neath the waves of our Blood-and-Fire banner, making those sacrifices which it asks in its interests, my heart swells with tender compassion towards you, and my soul is filled with prayer. I stretch my spirit's hands towards Heaven and plead its guiding, protecting, strengthening blessing down upon you.

Some of you are new-born children of grace. As a thick cloud He has blotted out your transgressions and planted your feet in the ways of truth, and now leaving what is behind, you press on to what is before with the promise of all-sufficient grace and undying love that will never leave nor forsake you. Temptations will come—sometimes strong, and thick, and fast—there will be the enemies of God and truth to daily face and rivers of tribulation to cross; but if you will keep seeking first His interests and unceasingly watch and pray, none of these things need move you, but rather help fit you for the blessing of others and the winning of a starry crown. Let me remind you that you are as yet infants in the Kingdom—each day will bring further light, and each day you must seek new grace to follow it. Do not be discouraged or despair if you have some heavy battles against yourself and even sin—God is your Father and you love and fear Him, and "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and all the regiments of Heaven are yours to help you fight your way towards its gates. Again, when in trial and difficulty and sorely tempted, I would ask you to remember that in becoming a soldier in the Salvation Army you stand in ranks numbering hundreds of thousands of God-fearing and God-honoring men and women whose love and prayers and faith are given to you and that you are found under the Flag which is waving to the glory of God all round the world, while your feet—though trembling in their spiritual infancy—now tramp in the heavy march of the troops who, counting not their own lives dear unto them, are ever pushing on, carrying the light and hope of God's salvation to the lowest, poorest, most down-trodden and dark.

Some of you have longer known God and the power of His salvation, but you have lately been awakened to the obligations which your own Blood-washed spirit owes to the cause of Christ and the souls of others, and to-night in harmony with such convictions you step to the front and take upon yourself a mark which will declare you in the eye of the world as a soldier of the Blood-stained banner of Calvary. I do not think of you as taking this step hastily, but rather as giving it much thought and prayer. God has let you see the millions that are dying—how you must help rescue them—help by your dress, help by your words, and help by every action of your life. Do not be discouraged because you are not a perfect soldier at the commencement of your career—do not think that your Commissioner or your commanding officer expects it of you, but by the abundant grace of God and the military training which your connection with the Army will give you, you will become more and more fitted to deal with the foes of Heaven and fight the good fight of faith day by day.

Hold unflinchingly to that which is good. Press on. Look not back. Keep your eye upon Calvary. Love Jesus best. Put the interests of His Kingdom first. Remember God's great strength. Use every opportunity to stem the tide of evil. Do your utmost to get sinners converted. Be loyal to the Flag. Be true to your General. Love and help your comrades. Stand fast in the faith, and God will see you through more than victorious by the Blood of the Lamb.

Your affectionate Commissioner praying for you,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

Field Commissioner.

got down on the floor to protest it; but they took all from him except the piece he was holding in his hand, which he forced down his throat without chewing. This forced the blood from his nose. About two minutes afterwards the poor fellow vomited it back again covered with blood, but in his desperate hunger he forced it back again into his mouth. Some of these could not have lived many days longer, but thank God they are now in our charge."

## GREAT FLOODS OUT WEST.

Major Bennett Tons Through Manitoba and the North-West Territories—Barracks Flooded Away—People Escaped Through Second Storey Windows—General Settings.

I HAVE JUST ARRIVED HOME after a three weeks' trip through part of Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The following Corps were visited: Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Virden, Moosemound, Moose Jaw, Regina, and Prince Albert. I saw the following Officers on this tour: Captains Hayes, Fokins, Mitchell, Burns, Gibbs, Iredale, Jarvis, Lieutenant MacNeil, a Beaman, Collins, Smith and Hall; also Ensigns Thomas and Hayes, all of whom are doing well spiritually and temporally. The meetings were well attended, the Soldiers were in good fighting spirit, and worked well. Thanks were given. Many of these Corps have got a large number ready for the great Siege Enrolment, and we are all looking forward to a tremendous time on the 29th.

On the above trip I travelled nearly fifteen hundred miles, and spent over fifty hours on the cars, and arrived back in Winnipeg without any bones broken.

Cadet Stobbs farewelled at Winnipeg Corps on Sunday. She has been promoted and appointed to Brandon, to assist Ensign Thomas, District Officer.

Adjutant Gale, the worthy District Officer of Fargo District, writes that they are all flooded, and that boats are used in the streets. The old mill that we used at Fargo up to within one month ago has floated off its foundation, and is now laying on its side. We just chatted with him in good time. The fact that Adjutant Gale travels the streets of the flooded city of Fargo with his called the "Fridge the Lake." The cause of the flood, the Red River—the Nile of the North-West—cannot carry off the water which has been left behind after so much snow and so many blizzards. In spite of floods and the mud, the Fargo warriors—who are not easily daunted—have had one of the best week's meetings on record last week, and the last news is that the waters are going down.

News to hand from Adjutant MacNimara this morning—Monday—says their hall is covered with water, and they have not been able to use it since Friday on account of the flood. The Grand Forks City Council kindly allowed the Officers to have the use of the City Hall for their meetings on Sunday. We do not know when we shall be able to use our own hall, as a great part of Grand Forks and East Grand Forks is under water, and their houses have floated into the river, while many of the inhabitants have had to be taken out of the second story windows by boats to save them from drowning.

So far, in Winnipeg we have had no flood, but the storekeepers have been instructed to clear their cellars and be in readiness.

Great preparations are being made for the Junior Soldier Annual all over the Province. What excitement! Practice after practice, meeting after meeting, and a great to-do previous to the children's greatest event of the year, and then the prizes to be given to the Juniors on Monday—what a time we shall have!

There are rumors of a large farewell amongst the Soldiers here shortly, but keep believing for daylight on the same. The X-rays are no good on this.

Our new openings are doing well; great crowds and souls are reported; our prospects are good.

Captain Branigan has arrived, and is holding on at Selkirk for two weeks while Captain Gahney is on furlough.

Captain Atwood reports that two souls were saved in the Shelter yesterday, and they had two tonight and two more weeks now. This is glorious. Keep it up, Captain!

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—On Sunday morning, twenty-nine met at 7 a.m. knee-drill. Five surrendered their all in the Holiness meeting, and two sought a new way the afternoon, and one at night, making thirty souls in the last twelve weeks. Slim McDonald, Captain.

(OUR SERIAL.)

## LIFE OF EDWARD TRICKETT

The World's Champion Souler, now a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist.

The ways of sin invariably bring wretchedness and woe. The joys that I experienced in my hours of triumph were simply nothing compared to the anguish I felt on my defeat. But, thank God,

Salvation Brings Joy!

A fortnight after my race with Hanlan, I had been matched to row a William Ross, so I had to pull myself together to row him. But ill-luck seemed to follow me. I fell sick, and could not sleep at night. Heavy perspirations would break out over me, and as the time drew near to row William Ross, I was more fit to be in my bed with a doctor attending on me. However, I had a big heart and wouldn't say die, but when the race day came I went for the water. Everything was against me—money, public opinion and everything else. In fact, so little money was taken in the race, everybody thinking that it would be only a walk over for Ross, that there were only two steamers on the river, and they looked only at passengers, principals and lookers.

We drew up at the starting-point, and, as a signal, started. As was expected, Ross took the lead, going right away from me, everybody thinking the race was over. At the first mile he led by three lengths clear.

### I Felt Wretchedly Bad,

but hearing some words of encouragement from my trainer, and a call for a dozen, I responded as well as my weak condition would allow. When I had given the dozen—which means a dozen extra-vigorous strokes—Kitty said, "Have a look at him." I did so, and saw at once that he was also in great distress. "Now, give him another dozen," said my trainer. I did so. Although they were only poor, I could see that they brought me nearer to him. My trainer and the people on the steamer began cheering me, which heartened me up very much. My trainer kept calling for dozens, and I responded as best I could, and now, by slightly looking over my shoulder, I could see the boat.

### Slowing Coming Back.

At Hammersmith Bridge I was almost level with him, but he, in order to prevent my passing him, ran me over against the post, so that I had to cease rowing. This gave him two lengths' advantage. But my spirits were coming back, and I soon caught him up, and would have passed him, but, to prevent this, he came out of his course and deliberately stepped rowing, and fouled me. This was taken notice of by the spectators. This collision gave him another couple of lengths, but my trainer cheered me on, and I went after him with all my might, and again began to close up. When he saw this, he deliberately bore across the river and nearly carried me across to the bank, but I kept worrying on, and at the end of three miles he was away from me. Then for the first time I was able to have a blow, and I can tell you it was a relief. I rowed gently to the finish, winning the race by six lengths, and feeling sure that I had won the race, first by the foul, and secondly by coming in first.

However, when Ross came in, he entered a protest against me for fouling him, and, strange to say, the umpire entertained it. I found out afterwards that he was greatly interested in Ross, so that I could not under any consideration win—and he decided it no race, and that we were to row again in a week's time.

This made me awfully sick. I was in my bed most of the time with the doctor attending me. The result was that I got badly beaten. This ended my rowing for some time.

I went to America after this, and met with varying success, but on the whole did fairly. While in Canada I received a letter from a friend in England informing me that another race between myself and Hanlan had been arranged. This was in January, '92. I got to London, and was in for training at once. Public opinion was great on Hanlan, and it was right, for in the race Hanlan beat me somewhat easily. After this I made my mind to go home to Australia. I went home, and was met by a few friends; it was a marked contrast to my home-coming on the previous occasion—then I came a conqueror, now a defeated man. The world soon throws up its friends upon whom the sun of Fortune does not shine. I continued to row and beat in Australia for some time, and instead of retrieving my misfortunes only got further into difficulties. Sickness ensued, and my family, and myself being laid up with typhoid fever for ten weeks, this was a great

### Source of Worry

to me as the hotel business was not prospering all this time.



Salvation Officers Came to Visit me.

Then the great land boom burst, and disaster upon disaster followed, so that I was brought down to the condition of tacking hard work again, not having done any for eighteen years. I didn't mind this—it was a lot better than having a falling business hanging around one's neck. I should have been very glad if I could have come out clear of the business, but I had to leave it with a heavy debt attached to me. I made great efforts to pay this up, but was unable.

I went in for prospecting and mining, but did not do much with it. I had several very tempting things and borrowed heavily, thinking I should strike

### A Good Thing.

This went on for a time. At last the bank from which I had borrowed money on my little property served me with a writ and took over my property, leaving me with £50. With my two mates I worked hard at developing a mine I had. For seven months I toiled, but at last I had to throw it up as a blank and I was penniless. This riled me terrible, and at times I would curse and swear to relieve my feelings until I used to get alarmed at my own profanity.

Mineral was quite at a discount—no one who had money would lend it on mines—so I had to turn to something else. I went to Sydney and tried to get work. I was strong and well able to work, and thought I should have no difficulty, but I did experience great difficulty. I knew most of the members of

### The Government.

so I went to them and stated my case, telling them how I was willing to go anywhere and do anything, as my wife and family were in great need. I saw Sir George Dibbs, but he said the Government were in for retrenchment, and that, instead of taking on men, they were discharging them.

Things got blacker and blacker. I got more and more troubled about my home and family. I could not find employment to earn bread for them.

My condition was a dreadful one; my children were crying for bread, and a shop at which I had spent hundreds of pounds, and didn't owe anything, wouldn't give me credit for a penny. If a friendly Chinaman had not come to my assistance and given us credit, I don't know what we should have done.

I was suffering at the time with a growth on my body, and had to go to a

hospital to have an operation performed. One day, while lying on my bed,

### A Salvation Army Officer

came to see me. She talked to me about the salvation of my soul in a fashion I had not been accustomed to. I was very dark about the things of God, and could not understand what getting saved meant. I got a very clear idea, though, before I came out, although I did not get saved. When I came out of the hospital I still sought in vain for work, and oftentimes seriously contemplated committing suicide, and if it hadn't been for my little ones I seriously believe I should have done so; but while in this condition I attended one day an open-air meeting, when God spoke to my soul. I became deeply convicted of sin. I attended the meetings several times, and at last one night, in my home, cried to God for mercy. God heard my cry, and saved my soul. This was the beginning of a new life for me. God gave me such a peace of soul that, although my temporal troubles were as great as ever, I no longer thought of weeping them by self-destruction, but I cast my care upon the Lord, and He sustained me. I still had my troubles, but God gave me strength to bear them.

### One Sunday morning, at the holiness

meeting at the St. Leonard Corps, God gave me such a bumping blessing that I decided that the Army should be my people.

### My Conversion

made a great deal of noise at one place where I was announced to speak. The Press was there in full force. "The Daily Telegraph" had about a column of my speech, with a caricature of myself. "The Bulletin," "The Bird of Freedom," "The Star," and others, had copious notes and comments, while my friends were very sorry, and pitied me greatly, thinking and saying that my trouble had driven me silly.

Silly, perhaps, in the eyes of the world, but, thank God, I was wise unto Salvation, and although, after my becoming a Salvationist I was not altogether free from trouble, thank God, He stood by me. I got a Government situation, which I still hold. I am enabled to earn a comfortable living for my family, and have time to spend in the service of God and the Army as a good Salvationist, and am praying to God to keep true till death. My experience of Salvation is such that I urge every one who has read my story to become a Salvationist also.

[The End.]

in that city, and makes an appeal for assistance.

Adjutant McLean, of Hamilton I., has been up to Toronto. He has a War Cry Brigade of nearly fifteen Boomers. Hurrah for Mac!

The Editor says Ensign Barr's song to the tune, "Just tell them" in a recent "Cry" went with a bang at Barrie, one of the Ensign's old Corps.

The first Army convert in Hamilton (No. III. Corps of the Dominion) about fifteen years ago, sought victory over to-morrow, and decided to become a Soldier in Major Read's Easter Sunday Holiness meeting.

Headquarters Staff specialise the Easter week-end as follows, besides those mentioned elsewhere: Major and Mrs. Gaslin at Guelph; Mrs. Major Read at Barrie and Orillia; Staff-Captain and Mrs. Smeaton at Richmond Street; Staff-Captains Horn and Minnie and Ensign McKinnon at Lippewick; Staff-Captain Ravling, at Dovercourt, and Sunday other lights at the Temple, all report glorious times. Hallelujah!

ARM you the Holy Ghost individual you ought to be, as God sees things?

NO amount of external work, not the unsleeping, universal heroism of a Vincent of Paul, can make up for the want of attention to your own soul.

## SALVATION ARMY WENT TO CHURCH.

Sixth Anniversary of the Rescue Work in St. John, N.B.

THE SIXTH ANNIVERSARY of the Rescue Work in St. John, N. B., has recently been held in the German Street Baptist school-room, which was kindly placed at our disposal for the occasion.

All the Officers of the city, and a number of Soldiers, headed by the Guards' Brass Band, marched to Home on King Street, where the meeting was announced, after which we proceeded along King and German Streets to the church, which we bodily entered. Big drum and all. The building was packed, about 50 being present. The meeting was ably handled by Major Pugmire, who opened the service with a song, which was heartily taken up by the Band. Rev. Mr. Gates, pastor of the church, led in prayer. Sergeant Mrs. Lane sobbed "Poor Fallen One," with guitar accompaniment.

The Major then called upon Mr. Gates who expressed his sympathy with this branch of our work, saying, among other things, "I never saw the man on Elliott Row, but I thank God there is such a Home, and I never see Ensign Jost, nor her assistants, but I breathe a prayer to God on their behalf."

The Major gave an interesting address on the general work of the Army, especially dwelling on the Social work, after which he and Mrs. Pugmire sang a duet from the "Six Chains River," which were sold during the service.

Ensign Jost, the Major of the Home, talked at some length, giving the statistics of the past year, and placing the needs of the Home before the people. She explained her responsible position as a MOTHER OF TWENTY-SIX, and asked for financial help.

There was a laundry badly needed," she said, "for not only Monday, but every day is washing-day with us, and we have only one small range for the boiler, a stove of iron, and pots and pans to cook the dinner, three or four wash-tubs, etc., and one kitchen for half-a-dozen girls. And we have a fine carriage-house in connection with the Home, which could easily be fitted up for a Laundry, and a Maternity Home and Nursery, which are badly needed." Now for some substantial help. Carriages had been given at the door, a collection was taken up, and altogether we realized about \$30. The Major himself promised to give or collect \$100.

Mr. Bullock, who donated the present beautiful Home to the Army, was called upon to speak. He said: "Not being accustomed to public speaking, I would not be standing before this crowd of people with in the interests of this grand and glorious Rescue work." He talked in a plain, pointed manner, giving some incidents that had come under his notice of wretched cases of poor fallen ones. Mrs. Bullock, who is one with her husband in assisting us, had a seat on the platform. Rev. Dr. Pope, a Methodist minister, spoke in commendation of the "unsatiable ability of Miss Jost, the daughter of a brother Methodist minister," whom he had known in days of yore, but who now is in the better land. Staff-Captain Gage closed in prayer.

As a result of the meeting, two ladies have since come to the Home, and are enrolled as League members. One, who lives in a country village, is going to collect for our work there.

Two gentlemen also mentioned their enjoyment of this service to the Ensign, and promised her a barrel of apples, and "they will be good ones, all picked over." And the end is not yet.

Topsy.

## NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS.

Captain Thompson, Stewart Taylor and Cadet Higdon have been visiting Old PERILIAN, with a Magic Lantern. An old, white-haired man repented on Sunday night.

TWILLINGATE reports sixty-two souls since their last reported—seven during the last week.

Forty-seven souls at JACKSON'S COVE in one week. They held a Banquet, which was a success.

ST. JOHN'S I. reports eight souls on Sunday, and the Memorial Service of William Collins, which was conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Miller, assisted by Ensign Payne.

LITTLE BAY—Had a banquet and a soup supper, at which Ensign Newman, Lieutenant Sainsbury, from Foley's Island, and Lieutenant Clerk, from Harry's Harbor, took a prominent part.

TRITON reports four souls, two being prodigals. Everybody got the glory in their feet, which caused a great sensation. So says Captain Shepherd.

## ADVENTURES

Rivers of Water and Death—Moscow Burned—Trials of a Night Retreat—Above the Clouds.

By STAFF-CAPTAIN

Were I a victim of the so prevalent in this world not mind risk the statement that the who experience such a Salvation Army Officer it may be added, few of what comes under than the gallant men ar in that distinguished hear excited expression from the Editorial s with some gentle hint it would be difficult to (miraculously) Well, for let that go. The point ranged that Mrs. Sou were to "do" special m and Lewiston, Idaho, to the former place, flo of them were everyw it would be difficult to half-drowned country th through, with a w ear, a dull, dreary day scenery, the journey and tedious ones. peets were further ena ledge of the

### Remains of a Y.

lying in the express c taken to the to the which she had left thr to study shorthand, et business "College."

It was a welcome rel drum on the train pu tion. Captain Hegan dlers gave us a royal v us feel at home. The tie on the sidewalk w tactic, and a good one cause of crossing the the gambler" of a Bu We had a good crowd ing, and an interesti time.

Sunday was a blenquently the crowds w ether with a large, t presented conditions th to ensure anything p profitable meetings. made the most of the Social assisting in with his sons, and ment.

A Musical Meetin were the "specialist better crowd. Mrs. clytive tiny at any n interesting progr section struggle. Cro circumstances have o of money and a gene makes the fight pec on. Failure in the Hegan is bent on nee crushed for God, Wn.

LEWISTON was to r days. But do not m so far developed—won are out here—as to p

"Flying M and got there s que was penned as above. think so for something the real fact of the e ter, perhaps, read I d tory fortify by ke sweet partner of my away on the train? making it impossib Lewiston.) Did not nes (for which I a self as I wanted for a lonely station?—W mission vividly port myself down in th train, and was awor because I had not g say no more, believ reader will ever hold to my salinity chara tions of the above. vers as frightful ro—the white nar, with gave Lieutenant Juhl than exercise—but en Lewiston alive abou I should have sak Agent at Pullman co ed me with some uel corner typewriter, g for anything. I ing to beat a No. 6 s and by District Of ers—especially by cheap and durable, one or two Officers of their intention to a machine. I m was a gentle hint in





# LIEUTENANT HAYMAN,

FREDERICTON,

THIS WEEK'S VICTOR.

McIntyre and Johnson a Tie—Resurrection of Mrs. Pierce—Captain Slato Does Good Work—Over 130 Names Recorded this Week—Eulogies!

Lieut. Hayman, Fredericton	210
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax	230
Capt. Johnson, Hamilton, Ber.	230
War-Cry Sergeant-Major Pierce, Temple, Toronto	176
Capt. Hill, Picton	176
Capt. Slato, Sarnia	176
Capt. Baxter, Jamestown	176
Lieut. Coolen, Charlottetown	176
Lieut. Scott, Belleville	176
Carrie McDougall, Windsor, Ont.	176
Allice Henderson, Ottawa	176
Capt. Crego, Quebec	176
Mrs. Ensign Prizer, (av. 2 weeks)	176
Go. Barret, Montreal	176
Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	176
Ensign Kendall, Brockville	176
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock, Ont.	176
Lieut. Martin, Parrishboro	176
Capt. French, Ottawa	176
Mrs. Capt. Wynn, Collingwood	176
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall	176
Lieut. Scott, Belleville	176
Capt. Prince, Charlottetown	176
Lieut. Scott, Livingston	176
Lieut. Miller, Victoria	176
Mrs. Law, Victoria	176
Sergt. Terry, Lindsay	176
Capt. Bryan, Brockville	176
Mrs. Ensign Orlinton, St. Stephen	176
Lieut. Martin, Parrishboro (av. 2 wks.)	176
Lieut. Randall, St. Stephen	176
Aggie McConn, Stratford	176
Capt. Vance, Renfrew	176
Further Dixon, Temple	176
Adjt. Mace, Point St. Charles	176
Pat. Dixon, Temple	176
Mrs. Adjt. McGilvray, New Glasgow	176
Lieut. Moore, Napanee	176
Grace Moscop, Stratford	176
Lieut. McLeod, Picton	176
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon	176
Capt. Hilly, Springhill (av. 2 wks.)	176
Capt. O'Neil, Yorkville	176
Capt. Wheeler, Wallaceburg	176
Cadet Laws, St. John	176
Mrs. Moore, Victoria	176
Mrs. Adjt. McGilvray, New Glasgow	176
Lieut. Evans, Woodstock, Ont.	176
Capt. Wilson, Sherbrooke	176
Sergt. M. Curlew, New Glasgow	176
Lieut. Dickens, Montreal	176
Lieut. Kivall, Orillia	176
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Orillia	176
Sergt. Moors, Halifax	176
Capt. Stinger, Napanee	176
Lieut. Latimer, Point St. Charles	176
Lieut. O'Neil, Newport, Vt.	176
Capt. Norman, Newport, Vt.	176
Emma Van Norman, Napanee	176
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	176
Cadet Cowan, St. John	176
Cand. Frost, Renfrew	176
Mrs. Thompson, Napanee	176
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	176
Mrs. Adjt. Crofton, Halifax	176
Lieut. Hollett, Wallaceburg	176
Ella Gage, Ridgeway	176
Lieut. Patterson, Ridgeway	176
Cadet Cowan, St. John	176
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	176
R. Robinson, Trenton	176
Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe	176
Land. Brown, Renfrew	176
Gussie Vallis, Hamilton, Ber.	176
Lieut. Forsyth, Hamilton, Ber.	176
Bro. Matties, Cornwall	176
Capt. Bradbury, Picton	176
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	176
Mother Lewis, Montreal	176
Capt. Fildmore, Campbellford	176
Mrs. Johnston, Bowers	176
Lieut. Green, Hillsboro, N. B.	176
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	176
Lieut. Liddle, Kingston	176
Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow	176
Cadet Leadley, Hillsboro, N. B.	176
Sergt. Yate, Ottawa	176
Maude Harvey, Bowers	176
Capt. LeDrew, Pembroke	176
Lieut. Bonny, Walkerton	176
Ensign Jones, Orillia	176
Sergt. Major Lenn, St. John	176
Sister Bean, Seaford	176
Lieut. Brookshire, Pembroke	176
Mrs. Drury, Harris	176
M. E. Bennett, Belleville	176
Sergt. Curlew, New Glasgow	176
Almon Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	176
Capt. Howcroft, Midland	176
Bro. Schramm, Moose Jaw, 23; Sergt. L. Schneider, Pembroke, 23; Capt. Barker, Stratford, 23; Capt. McQueen, Windsor, Ont., 27; Lieut. White, Riverside, 27; Lieut. Penock, Stratford, 20; Mrs. Capt. Clark, Drayton, 26; Sergt. Loner, Dartmouth, 26; Annie McDow, Dartmouth, 25; E. Howell, Riverside, 27; J. Mitchell, Barrie, 25; Mrs. Bone, Barrie, 25; Beatrice Smith, Hamilton, Ber., 24; Sergt. Poole, Belleville, 24; Adjt. Moore, Riverside, 23; Hector C. White, Picton, 22; May Lons,	176

Campbellford, 22; Capt. Taylor, Walkerton, 22; Capt. Moore, Piquash, 22; Ethel Smith, Guelph, 21; Capt. Bloss, Montreal, 1, 21; Bro. Schramm, Moose Jaw, 21; Sister Chillingworth, Montreal, 1, 20; Sister Suddard, Kingston, 20; Mrs. Cunningham, Seaford, 20; Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow, 20; Emmeline Worth, Charlottetown, 20; Mrs. Gills, Yorkville, 20; Sergt. Ida Thompson, Sarnia, 20; Sergt. Annie Thompson, 20; Bro. Griffin, Sarnia, 20; Sergt. Reale, Belleville, 20; Capt. McDonald, Simcoe, 20; Robert Douglas, Cornwall, 20; Sister Miller, Cornwall, 20.

## NOTES.

Who is this victorious Lieutenant that dwelleth at Fredericton? Hayman is the name. Hayman evidently takes top place and defeats even the bold Captain McIntyre! Good for New Brunswick!

This week McIntyre and Johnson are a tie. I had thought that S.-M. Mrs. Pierce, of the Temmie, had gone into oblivion, but such is not the case, for her name is recorded above as settling 176 copies, while Captain Hill, of Picton, sold one. Arthur the Great (Captain A. Slato) of Sarnia, is no novice at his record as reported above. He actually sold 170 "Crys." Take a look at his record as reported above. He actually sold 170 "Crys." Not bad at all; in fact, to use two common-place expressions, it is "out of sight" and "beats the band." Many of our old 100 boomers still rank at the front. This is cheering. They "ain't got weary yet." The hundred thirty names are recorded above this week, which is a little falling off from last week's list. However, this is good; in fact, there must be an increasing love among boomers for the sale of the "Cry." For instance, Captain Hill, of Picton, writes: "God is blessing me in the efforts I put forth to push the War Cry in saloons. I there got a chance of speaking to people about their souls which I would not have otherwise." Good for Captain Hill!

Captain Norman, of Newport, reports: "We are pleased to be able to report 'Crys' sold out this week." Captain Baxter, of Jamestown, says: "The people are very much pleased with the War Cry here, and never like to miss it."

Will Field Officers please note that ONLY the names of those who sell 20 AND OVER are inserted in the Competition List. It is absolutely waste of time, therefore, to send names of those selling less than 20. Do please remember this! L. H. writes from Hillsboro, N. B., as follows: "In this place the Officers generally walk about with 'Crys' sometimes more, in selling the 'Cry' and visiting." Major Sharp, Provincial Officer, is instructing his Officers to see that all Boomers' names are sent to the Editor for insertion in the List. Other Provincial Officers please copy.

Dear Brother Barrett, of Montreal, I, is, thank God, again convalescent, after a serious sickness. Though still weak, he actually sold 10 "Crys." He is in a hard working fellow, working all day long, selling his "Crys" at night on the principal thoroughfares and in saloons. Brother Lewis, too, of Montreal, deserves special mention. She is getting pretty feeble, but still plods in and out of the saloons, where she is treated most kindly.

WILL BOOMERS PLEASE SEND THE EDITOR SHORT, STIRRING INCIDENTS OF ANY TOUCHING INCIDENTS THAT OCCUR DURING THEIR "CRY-SELLING, PLEASE!!!

## HELPS For J. S. Workers.

"KORAH AND HIS COMPANIONS." Numbers xvi, 1-35, 46-50.

THIS is a dreadful story of God's judgment upon a man's sin, but dreadful stories must be read sometimes because dreadful things happen in real life when people do wrong.

"TOOK MEN."

Korah's wickedness began by murmuring against the powers that God had put to have the rule over him. When people begin to question and plan to overthrow their leaders it is the beginning of their own spiritual downfall.

Korah was a backslider. We have every reason to believe that he was once a simple-hearted and sincere as any, but he gave way to suspicion and to jealousy and fell—fell too far to ever get back again.

The story is a remarkable instance of the deed of a backslider and of a backslider's awful end.

"WHEREFORE THEN LEFT YE UP YOURSELVES."

Korah told a lie when he talked of Moses lifting himself up in the face of others, and Korah himself must have known the real facts of the case very

well. Moses is understood to have been the meekest man that ever lived, and it was only because God had put him into his position that he led the children of Israel.

"MOSES FELL UPON HIS FACE."

When Moses heard the cruel and wicked words of Korah he did not get angry and answer him back with indignation. He left the Lord to answer.

"SEEMETH IT A SMALL THING."

Yet even now Moses, with the forgiving spirit which is only manifested by God's own children, tried to bring back the wanderer. He reminded Korah of his special privileges, seeing that he was set apart for the service of the sanctuary, and besought him to remember and repent.

"WE WILL NOT COME UP."

But no method of reconciliation would Korah consent to. He began to murmur, and told Moses that he had brought them to the wilderness for selfish reasons.

"MOSES WAS VERY WROTH."

This kind of anger did not displease God, for it was righteous indignation, but Moses showed his God-given wisdom by not attempting to vent it upon the evil foe—leaving God to settle the question.

"GET YOU UP FROM ABOUT THE TABERNACLE OF KORAH."

It was the time appointed when God should show whether He was pleased with the sacrifices of His chosen set of the rebel Korah, and the command shows how dangerous it is for anybody to associate with bad people. Don't get too near to those who are envious and dissatisfied of their leaders—destruction is on their track, and it might reach you.

"HEREBY YE SHALL KNOW THAT THE LORD HATH SENT ME."

Moses was to be given a clear sign of his Divine appointment—that would settle beyond doubt who it was God wished to lead the children of Israel and to offer the sacrifices of the sanctuary.

"THE GROUND CLAVE ASUNDER."

This awful and sudden earthquake was God's answer. By one sudden opening of the ground God silenced for ever the disputes of Korah and his companions, showing that He could not look upon the offerings they held while their hearts were unclean.

"AND THERE CAME OUT A FIRE FROM THE LORD."

Thus God destroyed all the disputers. No doubt these incense burners were willing accomplices with Korah. Not a vestige remained of those who had "provoked the Lord." This is how God treated those who mistreated His chosen servants.

And as a punishment God sent a plague which threatened to destroy them all.

"AND HE STOOD BETWEEN THE DEAD AND THE LIVING, AND THE PLAGUE WAS STAYED."

Aaron was then permitted to offer a sacrifice which was acceptable and stayed the anger of the Lord. He ran amongst the already stricken people with an atonement for their sin.

The plague of sin is amongst the people of this world—of your city to-day. Hundreds are smitten, and it is working death and destruction all around Christ, and He only, can stay that plague. He calls each one of His followers to go and stand between the living and the dead, enjoining His message of mercy and freedom.

QUESTIONS.

1. What lessons may we learn from Korah's discontent?  
2. How did Moses behave when Korah taunted him?  
3. In what way and for what cause was Korah punished?  
4. How can we as Soldiers of Jesus "stand between the dead and the living?"

MEMORY TEXT.

"Hereby ye shall know that the Lord hath sent me."

DOING any kind of work unwillingly, fretfully, with complaint and murmuring, hurts the life.

SOME people are after leaves and fishes, others are trying to "catch men." Jesus can help you to do the latter if you are willing to stop the former.

NOTHING can intervene between your soul and God unless you consent. Don't pray and then look to your feelings. A believer is on a higher plane than that. A saved man is one who agrees with God.

## Coming - Events.

ADJUTANT PEASE will conduct special meetings for Soldiers and Christians as follows: Lupton, May 4th and 7th; Yorkville, 11th and 14th; Richmond Street, 18th and 21st.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.  
ENSIGN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit: Lakeside, May 1st; Millbrook, May 3rd; Port Hope, 4th, 5th; Cobourg, 6th; Brimley, 7th; Trenton, 8th, 9th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.  
ENSIGN J. W. ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit: Bathurst, May 1st, 2nd; Wardsville, 3rd; Thamesville, 4th; Dresden, 5th; Wallaceburg, 6th; Port Lambton, 7th; Sarnia, 8th, 9th; Petrolia, 10th, 11th; Wyoming, 12th; Forest, 13th; Thorndale, 14th; Watford, 15th.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.  
ENSIGN S. SCOBELL (with Talking Machine) will visit: Uxbridge, May 4th; Ormeau, 5th; Lindsay, 6th; Fenelon Falls, 7th, 8th, 9th; Kilmount, 10th; Norland, 11th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.  
ENSIGN F. MCKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit: Grafton, April 30th, May 1st, 2nd; Morden, May 3rd, 4th, 5th; Winnipeg, 6th, 7th; Neepawa, 8th, 9th, 10th.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.  
ENSIGN BARR (with Lantern) will visit: Estevan, April 30th, May 1st, 2nd; Burlington, May 3rd; Menderville, 4th; Dillon, 5th, 6th, 7th; Aurora, 8th, 9th, 10th; Missoula, 11th, 12th, 13th.

## MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assail, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 10 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Equally" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.  
We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

(First Insertion.)

1917. L. D. MARKS. Age 70; height, 5 ft. 10 in. Occupation, foundryman; a very fine looking man; when last heard of was in Brantford a number of years ago.

1918. JESSE BETTS, of Big Quilem, Vancouver Island, B. C., wishes to hear of his sister, Harriet P. Thompson, of California. American Cry please copy.

(Second Insertion.)

1920. POULSEN, ARTHUR HOFER. Clerk. Age 24 years. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, came to America two years ago. Last heard of was living at 529 Berrone Street, Point St. Charles, Montreal.

1921. WILLIAMS, THOMAS. Age 47; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; baker by trade. Left his home in St. John's, Nfld., eight years ago and is believed to be living in Boston, U. S. A. His sister, Mrs. Durdle, Bonaville, Nfld., would be very glad to hear from him. American Cry please copy.

1922. SOYER, THOMAS. Born in Illinois. Dark. Last heard of was in Grand Forks, N. D. His wife, Mrs. R. T. Soyer, would like to know of his whereabouts. Address, 833 William Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

1923. POWELL, J. W. Last heard of was in Butte, Mont., U. S. A., in May, 1896. Fair hair and blue eyes; height, 5 ft. 8 in. Age 35. His mother is anxious to hear from him.

1924. BARR, WILLIAM. Age 27. Last heard of was living in Edmore, Mich., U. S. A. Light hair, brown eyes. His poor widow mother would like to hear from him. American Cry please copy.

1925. WILLIAMS, MRS. ROBERT. Maiden name, Julia Linton. Left Hamilton eighteen years ago. Went to Buffalo. Her sister, Emily Linton, would like to hear of her whereabouts. American Cry please copy.

1926. WILLIAMS, DIMMERUS JANE. Age 23. Last heard of was in the Protestant Home in London. Her grandmother would like to hear from her.

## HALLEL.

Oh, Yes, We'll

Tune—"Would you

Would you know why I sing both

Jesus washed my sin

Chorus

This is why I'm happy

Why I'm overjoyed

Jesus Christ on Calvary

Shed His blood to

Where the angels sing

With the mighty

He will lead me

And I'll join in

I have told you why

You may just as

God can wash my

Just as well as He

If you'll believe

He'll come, my brother

Jesus died that you

Wandering Z

Tune—"O, where is

Oh, where is the

That once knew the

Hope of a man

Chorus

O, where is that

My God looks down

But love for that

Ah, friend, your sin

But greater His love

Oh, come to His arms

He'll be your Guide

Ah, wandering soul

While Jesus bids y

While yet He knock

waits,

Why from Him will

Where is the soul

That gives up all

Reluctant for Christ

To save them at

Let

Hope for t

Tune—"He pardon

I was a poor s

God.

On the brink

I thought of the m

years,

And longed to be

Cho

He pardoned a

I stopped and consi

Christ,

Who laid all this g

Came down to this w

our form,

To pardon poor re

He patiently suffer

shame,

The mocking, tho

The cry, "It is fini

the soul,

New the vilest m

Praise God, thoug

and shame,

Crushed down 'ne

The blood that has

ions of soul

Will pardon a ro

He breaks every fet

free,

He freely forgives

He gives us the w

den name,

His love it has co

A. E.

Tell o

Tunes—Always Ch

"Turned, B. J. J.

the River? B. J.



# HALLELUJAH SONGS.

Oh, Yes, We're Happy!

Tune.—"Would you know?"

1 Would you know why I am happy,  
Why I sing both night and day?  
Tis because at blood-stained Calvary  
Jesus washed my sins away.

Chorus.

This is why I'm always singing,  
Why I'll ever happy be;  
Jesus Christ on Calvary's mountain  
Shed His blood to ransom me.

Where the angels sing His praises,  
With the mighty ransomed throng,  
He will lead me till life's ended,  
And I'll join in heaven's sweet song.

I have told you why I'm happy,  
You may just as happy be;  
God can wash you white, my brother,  
Just as well as He did me.

If you but believe His promise,  
If you'll ask, He will forgive;  
Come, my brother, heed the message,  
Jesus died that you might live.

B. Good.

## Wandering Backslider.

Tune.—"O, where is my boy to-night?"

2 Oh, where is that wandering soul  
to-night,  
That once knew a Saviour's love,  
That once had the joy, and peace, and  
hope,  
Hope of a mansion above.

Chorus.

O, where is that soul to-night?  
(Repeat.)  
My God looks down without a frown,  
But love for that soul, to-night.

Ah, friend, your sins seem very great,  
But greater His love by far;  
Oh, come to His arms, He'll welcome you,  
He'll be your Guiding Star.

Ah, wandering soul, why dost thou wait  
While Jesus bids you come?  
While yet He kneels, and pleads, and  
waits,  
Why from Him will you roam?

Where is the soul that doth despair?  
That gives up all for lost?  
Rejected for Christ came into the world  
To save them all at cost.

Lieut. H. F. Lendley.

## Hope for the Vildest.

Tune.—"He pardoned a rebel like me."

3 I was a poor sinner away, far from  
God,  
On the brink of eternal despair;  
I thought of the misery, and my mispent  
years,  
And longed to be safe in the fold.

Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me.

I stopped and considered the love of my  
Christ,  
Who laid all His glory aside;  
Came down to this world, took upon Him  
our form,  
To pardon poor rebels like me.

He patiently suffered the Cross and the  
shame,  
The mocking, the nails and the spear;  
The cry, "It is finished!" brings hope to  
the soul,  
Now the vilest may come and be clean.

Praise God, though an outcast, in sorrow  
and shame,  
Crushed down 'neath the weight of his  
sin,  
The blood that has cleansed many mil-  
lions of souls  
Will pardon a rebel like him.

He breaks every fetter, He sets the soul  
free,  
He freely forgives all the past;  
He gives us the Witness, oh, praise His  
dear name,  
His love it has conquered at last.

A. E. Isaacson, Captain.

—10—

## Tell of Jesus.

Tunes.—Always Cheerful, B. J., 43; Silver  
Threads, B. J., 23; Shall We Gather at  
the River? B. J., 21.

4 Soldiers, go and tell of Jesus,  
How He died to save our souls;  
How that He from sin might free  
us,  
Suffered agonies untold.



OWLS (in chorus): "Dear sir, you look so very sad," said two little owls  
one day. "What is the trouble, may we ask, and why look so down-hearted,  
pray?"

MAN: "Oh, my spirits indeed are very low and all my life is sad, because  
the tea I lately use is very very bad."

OWLS (in chorus): "Cheer up! cheer up! my forlorn friend," both owls  
in chorus chimed, "the tea you need is JUBILEE." (Trade Dept.): We think  
this chorus rhymed.



THE  
Salvation  
Army  
Button

I MEAN.

It is an up-to-date thing and no mistake.  
Full Army colors.

PRICE - - 5 Cents.

The Commissioner's Button was in the Cry a few weeks ago, and is a neat  
thing at the same price.



That the  
LIFE OF CATHERINE BOOTH

is one of the best and most profitable  
books in my library, and should be  
read by the entire clergy of all denom-  
inations. The price of the same—\$3  
—is simply ridiculous. I would not  
be without it for many times that  
amount.

You can get the same for

\$3.00

AT

The Trade Headquarters.

## ALL INFORMATION

gladly and cheerfully supplied to  
you free on application to the

TRADE SECRETARY.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus;  
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
Who did our souls to save.

Tell the guilty of their danger,  
While they wander far from God;  
While they live to Christ a stranger,  
And reject His precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of Heaven,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;  
How that they might be forgiven,  
Jesus left His home above.

Tell them how He hath ascended  
To prepare a Home on high—  
Where all sorrow shall be ended,  
Where the saved shall never die.—J. D.

THE world needs nothing so much as  
light—not light blazing in the fur-of-sky,  
but light pouring out softly, low down,  
close by, from human lives which have  
been kindled at the heart of God.

The Esquimaux get on their knees to  
enter snow huts. The reason you have  
not yet got into the Kingdom is because  
you have not yet received the Kingdom  
as a little child. (Mark x, 15.) Unless  
your heart bows in humility, when your  
knees bend in prayer, you will not get  
down low enough to get a peep into the  
Kingdom of God. Any profession which  
leaves you to be proud of your experience,  
whatever else it may be, is not any part  
of the Gospel of the Kingdom. Spiritual  
pride is just as bad as any other kind.

# THE ADVANCE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. READ.

Ensign Scobell expects \$20 from Orillia  
next quarter. He has ordered another 50  
boxes for Hamilton. He saw four souls  
at Brimpton on Monday night. He adds:  
"The C. O. P. is coming on top." God  
grant it! Mr. Codling, the Agent at New-  
market, has been sent 12 boxes. The folk  
of this town will take hold of the Box  
scheme all right. The Eastern Province  
for the quarter ending March 26th beat all  
its past quarterly records. Well done,  
Ensign Perry! You have sold in good  
shape. Hence the result of \$34 for the  
quarter. Take the top Provincial Salt,  
my friend, and hold it as long as you  
can! This veteran sent us the sum of  
\$12.84 in one week. Several of the Esqui-  
maux Corps have done remarkably well  
during the recent quarter. Glace Bay  
not a very big place, actually raised  
\$24.16. Dan McLennan and Dan McPherson  
are its two Agents. Surely they have  
dared to be Danies in this respect, and  
consequently have conquered. Con-  
gratulations, dear Comrades. Then Char-  
lottetown has again done glorious work  
under the wise and able supervision of  
Agents Miss Ellis and Mrs. Clark—New  
Glasgow, too, has gone ahead in splendid  
form, raising \$23.15. Well done, Mrs. Law  
and Mrs. Aleck. Really, Esquimaux are  
THE PEOPLE to do it—Amherst, Syd-  
ney and Campbellton deserve and must  
have honorable mention. Fancy a stream  
of feet wide becoming ten miles wide!  
In fact, the prairie is all sea." Thank  
God the Ensign is not drowned yet. The  
B. M. Scheme is also well along—Five  
new Agents have been appointed in the  
East Ontario Province, as follows: Miss  
Mossy, Huntingdon; Bert Brewer, St.  
Albans; and Mr. Norris, Mr. Patterson,  
and Brother Mann, at Barre, Vt. God  
bless them all!

How is a startler from Ensign Sims:  
"I am in for trying to do something des-  
perate during the present quarter by  
the help of God." Other P. A.'s had bet-  
ter look out! Sims' blood is up  
Ten thousand pardons, Brother Bryant,  
of Portage. I made it appear in a recent  
Cry that this town raised only \$4.92 for  
its last collection. This was wrong, how-  
ever for it did far better than that. It  
was \$8.46. Brother B., in writing about  
this, states: "I hope you do not think  
Portage is going to lower itself like that!"

Ensign Perry writes: "Some Corps do  
exceedingly well. Glace Bay, Charlote-  
town and New Glasgow take first place,  
\$24.16, \$23.15, \$23.15 respectively. Char-  
lottetown has lost their laurels at last.  
Glace Bay gains the victory, though it  
was a close one. The Charlottetown  
Agents did fine, and the Agents at Glace  
Bay did great. They have their heart  
in the work. Oh, how anxious they were  
to score the victory! and they were re-  
warded. The question is, who will head  
the list next quarter? I wonder will  
Charlottetown regain her laurels? Then  
New Glasgow comes way, way up, taking  
third place for the province. Had there  
not been some money stolen, where would  
they not have been?"

Mr. Jas. Law, one of the New Glasgow  
Agents, comes second as a collector. I  
wonder if she will get ahead of Miss El-  
lis, of Charlottetown next time?

Then Sydney comes well to the front  
with \$11.81. Amherst, \$11.15; Campbell-  
ton, \$10.66. God bless the Eastern Agents!  
How can people steal the Lord's money?

One person in Amherst had the police  
after our box thief.

A girl at service in Sydney had \$20 in  
her box. God bless her!

PEACE in the heart soon gives a quiet  
calm to the countenance.

WORRY is the great anti-fat remedy.  
It causes leanness of both soul and body.

YOU may lack talent, but you have no  
excuse for lacking full salvation.

THE SALVATION ARMY will operate  
the Plague Patches, Patch Scheme,  
in San Francisco this season. Ma-  
jor Winchell has the matter in  
hand. Several bits of land have  
been offered, and he anticipates an  
opening the poor people wanting gardens  
for themselves.

## CADETS OF THE TERRITORIAL TRAINING HOMES, TORONTO, Ont.



Robert Grosz. James Marshall. Frank Welch. Wm. White. John T. Foulkes. Frank C. Hunt.  
Fred Burton. John Baird. Adj. W. H. Byers. Staff-Capt. T. Mianice. John T. Brindley. John T. Jordis n.  
Walter Bontle. James Bonny. Thos. J. Meeks.

## THE WAR IN THE PROVINCES.

## GANANOQUE.

We have just finished a week of beautiful meetings, led by Adjutant Stanton, assisted by Captains Stata, Ward, Banks and Lieutenant Read, and although we have only seen one soul, methinks when people sit and weep over their sins God's Spirit must be working.—J. T. Funnell.

MOORE JAW, N. W. T.—Steadily advancing; souls are being saved. Our converts are not numerous, but stick like burrs.—J. H. Midgah, R. C.

HELENA, MONT.—Adjutant Gibbs and Captain May have left us (not without regrets on our part) but we are not running the Salvation Army, so could not help it. Coffee and cake feed netted about \$2.00. Adjutant McDonald and Lieutenant McFee arrived, and we are pleased with them.—Rogers, Reg. Cor.

CHESLEY.—We welcome in our midst Captain Stephens. We were reinforced by Ensign Scott and his Lieutenant, i.e. his photograph. We enjoyed a treat. Bro. Jeffrey sang a solo, which the photograph imitated. May we all imitate the blessed Master. He frozen Corns. It is only too true. Lord, wake us up!—J. M.

SYDNEY, C. B.—Had a big united meeting last night. All the Officers from around the District were in. Two recruits were enrolled as Soldiers, and seven Local Officers commissioned, one being one of the new-made Soldiers. Hallelujah! One soul on Sunday night. Praise God!—Alma Goodwin, Captain.

WALLACEBURG.—April 15th was a red-letter day for soul-saving. We rejoice over thirteen souls for the day. We reckon on making them good Blood and Fire Soldiers. We wound up at quarter past twelve with a Hallelujah dance and a wavo offering. Wallaceburg Soldiers have learned how to pray and love souls, and they also love one another.—Jennie Whelan, Captain; Florence Hollet, Lieutenant.

COATCOCKE, P. Q.—We had Ensign Sims with us for week-end. Sunday night we had a Service of Song, entitled "A

Flower of Faith."—Carrie Stalger, Captain; Maude McFarlane, Lieutenant.

WALKERTON.—On Thursday, a Jam-Tart Horannah Meeting. A grand success. The whole town was aroused. On Sunday, a bartender sat under conviction and wept like a child. Closed at 11:45 with three souls in the Fountain. Lieutenant J. Bonny.

CHATHAM, ONT.—The devil has been doing his utmost to make things interesting here, but this morning we can shout a loud "Hallelujah!" to our Conquering Christ, and report four souls as a result of yesterday's battle, making six in the last two weeks. Jennie Crawford, Captain.

PETERBORO.—We had an old friend of ours with us—Lieutenant Patton. God bless her! At the night meeting, Sergeant E. Barrett far-sighted for the Training Garrison. God abundantly bless him! Is our prayer, and may he be a soul-winner.—May Lang.

CALGARY.—We had a splendid day. On Sunday in the Holiness Meeting, one sister who has been disobeying God got the victory and was on the march rejoicing at night. After a real fight at night, one soul—a sister—volunteered out and got blessedly saved. Hallelujah! Mrs. E. Frost, Special Cor.

MISSOULA, MONT.—On Sunday we had six souls out for Salvation. On Thursday night, coffee supper; seven Soldiers enrolled. Officers furewelled. Since new Officers arrived seven souls at the Fountain. Special Arnold here with Graphophone. It was immense. Captain Firenoid was here, since gone to Great Falls.—J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

## IT WAS ALL TRUE.

SEAFORTH.—We had a drunkards' home meeting, which was a grand success. We took in nearly \$30; biggest crowd been in the Barracks for a long time. One dealer in the liquor traffic who was there sold it was all true and could not have been portrayed better. Said he wished he was out of the business.

ness. Crowds are good here; souls are being saved, Soldiers being made, debt getting cleared. We give God the glory. I remain Yours in the War, George Smith, Captain.

TRENTON.—Captain has been sick since April 1st, but the Comrades have done nobly, not a meeting lost. Meetings have been well conducted. One soul, A Siege convert took the meetings Sunday. A. E. W. Coote, Captain.

MILES CITY, MONT.—We are marching on to war in Miles City. The battle rages fierce and long. Souls convicted; deep interest; good crowds; fair collections. The trumpet sounds "Fight on." Keeney, Capt.; Stone, Lieut.

REGINA, ASSA.—Since last report God has been blessing us. Four souls in the Fountain. Major Bennett, Provincial Officer, paid up a visit, which we appreciated very much. We mean victory. G. S. G., Reg. Cor.

MINOT, N. D.—Our Hall closed this week on account of diphtheria. On Thursday we went up to pay a visit to the miners. Deep interest taken in the work. (In the Army work—not the mines, eh?—Ed.) We are looking forward to seeing some of them saved. God is blessing us while out visiting. Many are on the point of deciding for God.—Old-Timer.

MONTREAL I.—Ensign Sims has visited us with his Maple Lantern Service, entitled "Little Jamie," which took well. It being the best yet, and the income was double the previous visit. Mind and slush are the order of the day at present, but the Band boys glory in it; no "side-walk marching" for them! Three souls this past week.—F. R. B.

HALIFAX I.—Grand times at our knee-drills. Three souls sought Salvation, making five souls at the Cross since last report.—Sec. Caslin.

NEWPORT, VT.—After a hard day's fight Sunday, God rewarded our efforts by saving one soul. One brother has been convicted for a long time, but would not yield till Sunday night. War Crys all sold out. Praise God! A. E. Norman, Captain.

## A MINE ON FIRE

SPRINGHILL.—On account of the East Slope being on fire, many of the miners have been discharged, and have had to seek employment elsewhere, taking quite

a few of our Soldiers. But the God who raised up a Jeshua when Moses did will raise up other Soldiers here. Two souls this week. Hallelujah—Capt. Hindy.

KEEWATIN.—Praise God! On Friday night we had one soul in the Fountain, and still believing for more. M. Jackson, Lieutenant.

EDMONTON.—Still marching on quite cheerful with our backs towards North. Spring-like here now, so the Officers think. They've just had a general scrubological-turn-upside-down-carpet-thrashing bee; showers of whitewash, etc. My! how things shine now! H. Kroeger, Reg. Cor.

RAT PORTAGE.—We had Major Collier for week-end. Good meeting; two precious souls saved, making six for Salvation, and three for cleansing since last report.—A. Graham, Lieutenant.

## BLIND PIG.

LARIMORE.—"The Army is just the thing here," was the remark passed the other day; and we say so, too. Beautiful crowds, finances are good, and War Crys sell splendid. Three souls in the Fountain. Some people were very much surprised to hear we went into blind pigs with our Crys, and asked me if I was at afraid. Why should I, when Jesus has promised to go before? Annie Hurst, Captain.

Are we to wait for a new Moses to lead us into the Land of Promise? Are not our four hundred years of slavery almost at an end? Groans and complaints are ascending daily to God from a million drunkards' homes. The tearful eyes of orphans are raised to Heaven as mothers and their children stand around one hundred thousand graves, wide open doors to the pit of despair into which one hundred thousand drunkards in America are yearly flung. Is the fault ours? Let God and conscience answer.—"Ham's Horn."

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

# WA

AND OFFICIAL

VOL. II. No. 46. [General]



Or.  
FACTS AND FANCIES Re  
MR. GOLDBUG, THE D.

I WANT THE WORLD. I fence around the earth it mine. I'll loan some money to the farmer. The measure of wealth in three per annum, but I'll charge ten, and mortgage on his property. The